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IN THE PAMFILI-DORIA GARDENS.

Brown, stagnant dawn, forgotten of the sun, And then wan noon beneath white pools of sky,

Mists blackening, and the long, harsh night begun.

What bird could know to bid the day goodbye?

No sun to rise, no sun to sink: At noon birds chirped, "Day's near, we think,"

And 'twas the night-fall had begun.

Dawns thus, noons thus, nights thus, with never a change, This leaden while of weeks of the young

year; A snowdrop, if one struggles forth, looks

strange,
A birth unnatural in a world so drear,
And keeps its stem within the mould,

Afraid and parching in the cold:

Poor flower! in such a world too strange.

No pulse of Spring's revival beats and thrills;

Beneath the parchy want of cloud and rime.

No pulse of Spring's revival beats and thrilis;
Beneath the narrow vault of cloud and rime,
Beneath the thick and bitter air that kills,
The rigid earth lies sere — in budding-time
No vernal rush in blade and tree
And us that makes us glad to be:
We breathe the thick, bleak air that kills.

But all the while I know where, too far hence, Through earth's flushed pores the year's young life leaps forth;

Where air is drunken with Spring's quickening sense;

Where infinite sky is east, west, south, and north,

Bluer than any sapphire's light; Where dawn and noon and fostering night Instil Spring's subtle quickening sense;

Where ruby, rose, white, flushing at the marge, Pearl, and shell-pink, and grey, and amethyst,

Crowded upon their sunshine acres large,
(Posies at will, and next day none be missed)
Blow, born of light and Spring's soft
breeze,
The abole system anymones.

The shyly sweet anemones: Sunshine and blossom acres large.

Oh! star anemones, whose fragrance coy, Close at the heart like a young maiden's hope,

Gave me its secret, and your radiance joy, Ye are blowing now, and on the bosky slope,

The emerald and shadowy gloom Is shot with purple wefts of bloom, For violets have filled the slope.

Pleased children, greedy for the flowers, make haste; With nosegay both hands big must add and add —

Their world is full enough of flowers for waste. Some one that, being older, is more sad Hides, maybe, where a stillness is, To feel the exquisite spring bliss, And but one flower's too much to waste.

Ah! well, 'tis black and barren here to-day;

My life lags numbed; and yet there is for

me

Some part in sunshine and birds' welcoming song,

Who know the Spring that's where far strangers see, And am the happier in my home

Because of violets at Rome,
Of Rome's far wind-flowers strangers see.
AUGUSTA WEBSTER.
London, February, 1888.
Good Words.

## A MID-WINTER BALLAD.

What tidings bore the boom and roar, At parting of the day, That from the north came thundering forth? A monarch on his way!

Inspiring roll! my inmost soul To well-known signal thrills: An army comes, with crash of drums, Across the northern hills!

The dark snow-cloud on Hiant proud, Has spent its fury wild: And dawning blue, our sky anew At stormy sunset smiled.

King Winter, hail! The trumpet gale In frosty stillness dies; The moon shines bright on mountain white, The bay unrippled lies.

Twin evening stars, bright Jove and Mars, Shine radiant and serene, Supreme on high, while all the sky Is lit with glories keen.

Hail, wintry host! Hail, snow and frost! Hail, monarch in thy might! With sunlight's blaze, and brief, glad days, And splendors of the night.

Flame, sunset glow, on peaks of snow, And burn, clear evening sky; Shine, winter moon, where diamond-strewn The glittering moorlands lie.

Ice-fettered streams, like fairy dreams, A fringe of jewels wear: On waters lone, the curling-stone Rings sweet through frosty air.

Such presage bore the boom and roar,
At parting of the day,
From the wild north that thundered forth,
And died in calm away.

H. A. BIRD.

Tobermory. Murray's Magazine.

From The Quarterly Review.

DANIEL O'CONNELL'S CORRESPONDENCE.\*

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In O'Connell we have the only man of great historic stature whose career and character mark him out as distinctly Irish. Burke was a greater statesman, and exercised no inconsiderable influence on Irish affairs; but although we may trace a Celtic strain in some of his brilliant qualities and in many of his defects, he cannot be identified with any one of the national types which make up the British people. Grattan was the Irish Norman, and was in many respects more free from signs of local nationality than Burke. Wellington, although his early years of public life were devoted to Irish affairs, never in his mind or temperament recalled the ordinary characteristics of the land of his birth.

We will not enter into the question, whether O'Connell could claim any ancient Celtic lineage, whether the volume of blood in his veins was chiefly native Irish or partook to any extent of that of English settlers who for many generations had tided into the best parts of Munster. The point of interest is that, an adherent of the old Irish faith, representing, whatever may have been his family pretensions, a well-to-do middle class rather than an aristocratic connection, he took the leadership of his religious community out of the hands of their hereditary chiefs, fought their battles with dramatic effect, and reached very nearly the foremost rank in the public life of the kingdom, remaining all the time in demeanor, in passion, and associations, Irish of the Irish. Even the most intolerant member of the Clan na Gael will claim O'Connell as an Irish Celt. His Irish characteristics contributed to his popular strength; and they, no doubt, helped to produce the aversion with which he was regarded by his opponents and by some of his political associates.

As regards Ireland, his great distinction is that, having attained to greater personal power there than any Irishman since the time of Ormonde, he himself was never either a rebel or a conspirator, nor did he ever make use of rebels or secret societies to promote his objects. Whatever was the violence of his language towards England, he never spoke of rebels but with scorn, and whatever may have become of the large funds he levied from his adherents, they were not employed to foster Ribbonmen or the Fenians and Invincibles of his time. O'Connell, with all his turbulence and recklessness of language, was no revolutionist; all through his chequered career his instinct was to keep within the law and the constitution. The eclipse of his power, after nearly forty years' supremacy over the Irish crowd, was due in some degree to the fact, that the spirit of revolution had, amidst a great social disaster, taken such a form and shape as enabled it to dispute with him his dictatorship.

Of this remarkable man we have for the first time an authentic picture, in the correspondence collected by the industry of Mr. Fitzpatrick. There have been many previous compilations of speeches and published letters gathered from the newspapers and pamphlets of the day, but in these volumes appears for the first time his own private correspondence with his family, and with eminent politicians like Lord Bessborough and Lord Cloncurry, who at one time or another entered into alliance with him; and with these letters are his secret despatches and directions to his numerous agents and followers engaged in organizing and maintaining agitation in Ireland. Many are the vivid glimpses of the machinery by which his power was so long sustained, and singular is the evidence of the submission he was able to exact from people who had no personal sympathy with him. Above all we hear the voice of the man himself ringing through half a century of Irish life, detailing his purposes, his expedients, and his experiences, not for the general public whom he addressed in Conciliation Hall, or at country meetings, or in the columns of the Pilot or the Freeman's Journal,

<sup>\* 1.</sup> Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator. Edited, with notices of his Life and Times, by W. J. Fitzpatrick, 2 Vols. London, 1888.

<sup>2.</sup> Life of Daniel O'Connell. (The Statesman Series.) By J. H. Hamilton. London, 1888.

<sup>3.</sup> Young Ireland. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. London, 1880.

energies he intended to absorb in his great schemes, or whose sympathy he relied on to encourage and sustain him in his struggle. In Mr. Hamilton's volume we have an excellent narrative of O'Connell's career, constructed with much intelligence and sympathy from such materials as published records supply; but whoever desires to know O'Connell for himself must go to the volumes of Mr. Fitzpatrick, who has used his minute knowledge of Irish records during the first half of this century with great discretion, illustrating the letters from the history of the time and from many unpublished collections, but taking care to let O'Connell tell the marvellous tale of his achievements in his own person. The main bulk of the family letters was supplied by a favorite daughter of O'Connell. For nearly twenty years Mr. Fitzpatrick has labored to add to them from the collections of contemporary politicians; and the result is a striking picture of this greatest of modern demagogues, and a contribution to political history of which Mr. Fitzpatrick and his assistants may well be proud.

O'Connell was born in 1775, the same year in which Grattan took his seat in the Irish Parliament. The gradual relaxation of the penal laws would have been among the earliest recollections of his childhood; the fame of the Volunteers and the triumph of Grattan in 1782 among the most vivid. His father was described by him at one time as holding the position of "a gentleman farmer," a term not very distinctive in Ireland. His family probably belonged originally to the class known as middlemen. They evidently were people who by natural ability and energy had long since raised themselves above the position of the Celtic occupier, and were in possession as lease-holders of a considerable extent of land in western Kerry, a part of Ireland where the area of property is altogether out of proportion to its money value. The head of the family was Maurice, a farmer at Darrynane, and childless. His brother Morgan had made some money as a shopkeeper, and taken a farm. Daniel, the eldest of Morgan's family, was recognized as the heir of the Darrynane

but for the private ear of the people, whose energies he intended to absorb in his great schemes, or whose sympathy he relied on to encourage and sustain him in his struggle. In Mr. Hamilton's volume lution.

The University of Dublin was not opened to Roman Catholics until 1793, and meanwhile the O'Connell family had to provide some system of education for one whose promise and abilities filled them with pride. Daniel and his next brother were sent to St. Omer in the north of France, and afterwards to Douay, and the earliest letters in Mr. Fitzpatrick's volumes are Daniel's dutiful reports to his uncle Maurice on their course of life and study at these colleges, during the year 1792. Thus he writes from St. Omer:—

As the Easter examen is just over, our studies begin again on another footing; instead of the books I mentioned before we now read Mignot's harangues, Cicero and Cæsar, those are our Latin authors, tho' they are read over without any study beforehand, Cæsar is given us chiefly to turn into Greek; our Greek authors are Demosthenes, Homer, and Xenophon's Anabasis; our French one is Dagaso's speeches.

I return you thanks for your kindness in informing us of the news of the country. We hope, my dear Uncle, that our conduct will merit a continuation of your unparalleled friendship towards us; you may be convinced that we do our utmost endeavors for that purpose, and, as we know that you require no more, we hope (with God's assistance) to be

able to succeed.

They had hardly got well into their school work after their removal to Douay, when the crash of the rupture with England on the execution of the king in January, 1793, put an abrupt termination to their studies. The colleges at Douay and St. Omer were closed, and the boys hurriedly made their way, with a scanty supply of clothes, to London, whence they returned to Ireland. O'Connell's personal experience of the Revolutionary wave helped to impress the character of the time upon his mind; and perhaps one of his most genuine and permanent sentiments in after life was a detestation of the French Revolution and of the political schools which originated with it.

1793 brought other events of more importance for O'Connell's future than the death of Louis XVI. or the closing of St. Omer and Douay. It was in that year that the Irish laws against Roman Catholics; so far as they restricted their ordinary business in life, were finally swept away, and for the first time for nearly a hundred years Catholics were admitted to practise at the bar.

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It was soon determined that Daniel should be sent to the bar, to take his place in the profession so long engaged in applying the torture of the penal laws to his co-religionists, and to practise those gifts of speech which might enable him hereafter to walk in the steps of Grattan and Flood and Yelverton. In the following year he had already commenced his course as a law-student at Lincoln's Inn; and his stay in London was not merely in order to go through the formality of eating dinners at an inn of court, but to enable him to carry on a vigorous and extensive course of reading. Writing from Chiswick to his uncle in 1795, he gives full details of his plans, his expenditure, his reading, and his companions, and then adds the following account of his own scheme of life: -

I have now two objects to pursue; the one the attainment of knowledge, the other the acquisition of all those qualities which constitute the polite gentleman. I am convinced that the former, besides the immediate pleasure which it yields, is calculated to raise me to honors, rank, and fortune; and I know that the latter serves as a general passport or first recommendation: and as for the motives of ambition which you suggest, I assure you that no man can possess more of it than I do. I have indeed a glowing and, if I may use the expression, an enthusiastic ambition, which converts every toil into a pleasure, and every study into an amusement.

Though nature may have given me subordinate talents, I never will be satisfied with a moderate situation in my profession. No man is able, I am aware, to supply the total deficiency of abilities, but everybody is capable of improving and enlarging a stock, however small, and in its beginning contemptible. It is this reflection that affords me most consolation. If I do not rise at the Bar, I will not have to meet the reproaches of my own con-It is not because I assert these things now that I should conceive myself en- you and them, and in doating upon both.

titled to call on you to believe them. I refer that conviction which I wish to inspire to your experience. I hope I may flatter myself that when we meet again, the success of my efforts to correct those bad habits which you pointed out to me will be apparent. Indeed as far as my knowledge in the professional line, that cannot be discovered for some years to come; but I have time in the interval to prepare myself to appear with greater éclat on the grand theatre of the world.

Even allowing in this letter for the manifest effort to reassure the relative on whose good-will so much of his future seemed to depend, we find in it a tone of self-confidence very remarkable in any lad of twenty, and still more striking in one belonging to a community which, in his own recollection, was excluded from nearly all the rights of citizenship. In 1798, another year of signal moment in Irish history, he was called to the bar, and he appears to have at once secured some practice on his circuit. It was characteristic of the man that within four years he risked all the prospects which he had evidently cherished during his boyhood, and, in defiance of his uncle, married a portionless cousin. The uncle ultimately relented, and the glimpses this correspondence gives us of his married life during the next few years are the most interesting portions of his personal history, and show him to have been, whatever his faults in other ways, a warm-hearted, affectionate man, brimming over with love and tenderness.

When, as his abilities became recognized, he was engaged in almost every case on the circuit, he always found time to write to his wife. For example, he writes from Ennis in 1812:-

My dearest Mary, - I was a little impertinent in my letter of yesterday, and the reason was because I found myself decidedly in more business than any other individual here; and so, heart, I avenged myself upon you, which was poor spite. I, however, now forgive you, darling, because you promise me so faithfully to take care of yourself and grow fat in my absence.

Seriously, love, I am quite in a temper to indulge vanity, but in nothing more so than in you and my sweet, sweet babes. Darling, you have no idea of the time I take in thinking of

Kiss them a thousand times for their father, and tell them that he will not be happy until he has his three little girls on his knees, and his three boys looking at him there.

The business here is over—compleatly over. I was concerned in every record, not left out of one, and I was the only counsel so

circumstanced.

And again from Limerick in 1813: -

My darling Heart, — Your letter and Charles's account of you give me fresh life and spirits, but I thought you would have written to me again, heart's treasure, and I felt lonely and disappointed at not hearing from you by this day's post. Upon consideration I have blamed myself for it, because I ought to have written to you every day, but I will do so in future, my sweetheart Love, and you must follow my example. Do, then, my own Mary, let me have the happiness to hear that you are thoroughly well. Take the kindliest care of my Kate, and, better still, more care of yourself for my own darling love. The business has become excessive upon this circuit—mine is increasing almost beyond endurance—but I never was in such good health, and have no anxiety but what relates to my own dearest, dearest darling. I wish to God you knew how fervently I doat on you. Kiss sweet saucy Kate for me.

It is, however, with O'Connell as the politician, as the great demagogue who overawed Cabinets, and guided administrations, that our readers are chiefly concerned. He had not been seven years at the bar before he had taken a conspicuous place in the counsels of the Roman Catholic party. The legal position of that communion was little changed since 1793. Then all laws interfering with the business and occupations of Roman Catholics had been abolished, except so far as public duties and offices were concerned. To this exception there was the important qualification, that the right of voting was given by the Act of 1793; but any office or rank in the nature of an appointment under the crown was withheld from them.

To remove this exclusion became the object of all Catholics. Pleas were urged for delay — the objections of the king and the risks run by the friends of the cause, Pitt, Fox, Canning; the impropriety of pressing for redress, when the State was engaged in the national struggle with France. Expedients were from time to time suggested, to reconcile the Protestant majority; a veto on the appointment of the bishops, stipends to the priesthood, and the disenfranchisement of the great Catholic electorate, the forty-shilling freeholders. From the first, O'Connell took the side of the party of action, and the

question of restrictions or securities he refused to entertain. He was the spokesman of a certain number of subjects of the State, whose civic qualities were already recognized by the law, who were admitted to certain public trusts, as, for instance, the right of voting, and yet were excluded from all the distinctions accorded by the State to ability and public spirit.

Whilst Grattan and Plunket, supported by Castlereagh and Canning, fought the battle with varying success at Westminster, O'Connell continued to be the voice of the Irish crowd resolutely demanding complete admission to the rights of citizenship. Lord Colchester's diary shows that even as early as 1813 the Protestant leaders were thinking more of what O'Connell was saying in Dublin than of all the eloquence of Grattan or the arguments of Plunket.\* Suddenly came an incident characteristic of the times, and O'Connell's fame spread far beyond the leaders of parties, beyond Dublin and the bar, and the Catholic committees of the capital. He became recognized in every Catholic household as the dauntless champion who had risked his life against the Protestant oppressor. In 1815, delivering at a meeting in Dublin one of those vigorous addresses with which, in spite of his large and increasing business at the bar, he found time to stimulate the hopes of his co-religionists, he had spoken of the Dublin Corporation, one of the great strongholds of the Protestant party, as "the beggarly Corporation." Mr. D'Esterre, a member of the corporation, called upon O'Connell to repudiate the report of his speech. O'Connell replied, expressing his unbounded contempt for the corporation. After some further correspondence a meeting took place; D'Esterre fired first and missed. O'Connell's shot inflicted a wound from which D'Esterre died in two

O'Connell had stood the ordeal of mortal combat, but he did not expect that his tragic success would be the end of the affair. He sent at once to retain the most eminent of his brother barristers for his defence in case of prosecution. Whatever may have been the misdeeds of the party of Protestant ascendancy, they had the traditions of gentlemen, and they promptly disabused O'Connell of any misapprehension on the subject. The following letter, dated the day after D'Esterre's death, is from his second, Sir Edward Stanley, a leading member of the

corporation: -

\* Colchester's Diary, vol. ii., p. 449.

Royal Barracks, 4th February, 1815.

SIR, — Lest your professional avocations should be interrupted by an apprehension of any proceeding being in contemplation in consequence of the late melancholy event, I have the honor to inform you that there is not the most distant intention of any prosecution whatever, on the part of the family or friends of the late Mr. D'Esterre.

Your obedient humble servant, EDWARD STANLEY.

O'Connell replied, -

Merrion Square, 5th February, 1815. SIR, - I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday, and I beg of you to accept my sincere thanks for your very polite and considerate attention. is to me a mournful consolation to meet such generous sentiments from those who must be afflicted at the late unhappy event. But, believe me, my regret at that event is most sincere and unaffected, and if I know my own heart, I can with the strictest truth assert, that no person can feel for the loss society has sustained in the death of Mr. D'Esterre with more deep and lasting sorrow than I do. Allow me again to thank you, sir, for the courtesy of your letter - a courtesy quite consistent with the gentlemanly demeanor of your entire conduct in this melancholy transaction. have, etc.

O'Connell had been for some years the popular leader of the Catholic party, whoever might be the public man charged with fighting the battle in Parliament, and on Grattan's death, in 1820, he made great exertions to extort from Plunket a promise to abandon the policy of securities before the conduct of the question in Parliament was placed in his hands. This promise Plunket would not give, and the committee overruled O'Connell's objection. Plunket's bill was carried through the Commons, but was defeated in the

Then O'Connell, in conjunction with his rival Sheil, adopted a new method for the development of public opinion in Ireland. Of O'Connell's share in this enterprise, an accomplished student of Irish history has said: -

A great mistake had been made by all the combinations of the Catholics. The people of Ireland had not been directly appealed to, their voice had not yet been raised, their unanimity had not been proved. O'Connell saw this error and determined to avoid it. The energy of his genius was everywhere per-ceived, working amongst all classes. Here he breathed gently on the still waters of aristocratic reserve till he stirred a ripple on their surface-there his voice was heard rolling over the heads of mobs, stirring them and warning them like an alarm bell - now hurl-

ing defiance at those whom he denounced as oppressors, again whispering comfort and hope into the ears of the oppressed.\*

Whilst the passing of the Catholic Relief Acts was the main object of the association, all questions affecting the Catholic peasantry were embraced in its operations. It intervened to settle local disputes, and to supersede the popular influence of secret societies. But the great feature of the new movement was the establishment of the Catholic rent. The pence, even the farthings of the Catholic peasant, were called in aid, and gave him a share in an association of which the great Catholic proprietors — the ancient Norman families - formed a part. This expedient secured in a few months a revenue of over 500%. a week.

The portentous size and power of this organization had for the time the effect of stimulating opposition in England. The opponents of Catholic relief, who had been losing ground in Parliament before the efforts of Plunket, seized on the proceedings of the association, which they represented as a menace to England; and when the ministry of 1825 proposed to dissolve the Catholic Association, and were almost pledged to accept Catholic relief as a complement of this measure, the history and pretensions of this giant society enabled the Protestant party to secure a strong reaction against concession. The suppression of the association was agreed to. Catholic relief was refused. There is no doubt that in 1825 Lord Liverpool was ready to yield,† and the Catholic leaders made in Parliament unusual efforts to force a settlement. So great was the prospect of success, that O'Connell, who was in London, qualified his antagonism to the principle of securities. He was apparently converted to a policy of guarantees which did not directly involve the veto, and threw himself with characteristic energy into the effort to effect the settlement.

The letters of 1825 show us O'Connell at his best. He was not yet deteriorated by the enjoyment of power. He had no anxiety for the future. He was no adept, as he afterwards became, in the machinations of corruption. He knew London thirty years before, when he came, a refugee from the revolutionists at Douay, to study Godwin and Gibbon, when he enjoyed, by anticipation, the opportunities

<sup>·</sup> Life of Lord Plunket, by the Right Hon. David

Plunket, vol. ii., p. 164. † Canning's Correspondence, by Stapleton, vol. ii.,

of action which his boyhood had seen conceded, which his manhood promised; and, in the retirement of a boarding-house at Chiswick, whilst he studied types of character with keen perception, he had endeavored to reconcile the early teaching of his Church with aspirations after the large liberty which revolutionary principles promised. Since these years he had not only won a great professional position. He had been recognized as the David of the Irish Catholics. He had exposed himself to the penalties of the law in 1815 to assert their social equality; and now, in the enjoyment of great income won by his own energy, with all the incentive to achievement which happy family relations give, he revisited the scene of his early studies, the subordinate but still the motive power in the movement of the time. His letters to his wife are full of his enjoyment of the attention paid to him, and of rollicking criticism on ways he does not like.

My darling Heart,—We were in the House under the gallery during the debate on Friday. . . It was dull and prosy enough in all conscience. Peel was civil, but very malignant to the Catholics. He made a powerful use of the letter to Hamilton Rowan. . . Mr. Wynne, who belongs to the Cabinet, just one of the worst speakers I ever heard. He somewhat resembles McNamara of the County of Cork, who forgot to omit something. You have no notion what a stupid set they are altogether, and even our friends are not so zealous as they expect. There is an English coldness; and, after all, what is it to them if we are crushed? . . .

Sir Francis Burdett improves much on acquaintance. Brougham is a manly plain man; Abercrombie is a Chancery lawyer in great business, and represents the high Whigs; Hobhouse appears to me to be a direct-minded honest man. I spent an hour with Cobbett and was greatly pleased with him. He is a bold, clear-headed fellow, and his views are distinct and well-intentioned. I confess, darling, I have been pleased altogether with this trip.

Next day he writes : -

I did not get to bed till after one this morning, and was not up this day until after ten. Only think of that, sweetest | but rejoice, my darling, cocknosed, sweetest, saucy, best of women — there is a long name for you! but rejoice, for every member of the House says — asso-she-ation. Mr. Brougham says it most distinctly, and at both sides it is the universal pronunciation. So you triumph over us all. . . .

My own opinion is, that the Catholic Cause has gained ground greatly, and that all it requires is an active perseverance. It is vanity, to be sure; but we, darling, are equal to the rascals in everything, to say the least of it. I rejoice at your victory about asso-sheation, but I confess I cannot help being sorry that my darling girls are defeated.

He was fêted and flattered, and in a subsequent letter to his wife he gives an account of the parties to which he was invited:—

We dined on Saturday at Lord Stourton's. He contrived, by asking me to help him in carving, to place me between him and the Duke of Norfolk, where I was feasted and flattered to the highest degree. Lord Stourton said that neither Pitt nor Fox was my equal. Charles Butler said that since the days of Lord Chatham he had heard nothing like me. So, darling, I was vain enough, and I thought of the sweet little woman I belong I then dined with Mr. Brougham. were of our deputation present, Lord Killeen, Sir Thomas Esmonde, Hon. Mr. Preston, Sheil, and myself. We had four Dukes the Duke of Sussex, of Devonshire, of Norfolk, and of Leinster; Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Henry Parnell, Mr. Scarlett, and the leading Whig lawyers; Alderman Wood, and Mr. Lambton, son-in-law to Earl Grey. I was placed between the Dukes of Devonshire and Leinster, and opposite to the Duke of Sussex. He (the Duke of Sussex) is very zealous in our cause; but, darling, I do not like him, although he was very kind and courteous to me. He has a great deal of the German trooper about him, and yet his star and single golden garter have an air that strikes one. I was again most flattered, and Brougham spoke to me warmly of the reports that reached him of my speech.

His hopes rose high, and he writes that he is certain of success:—

Darling — darling, since I wrote I have been under examination. Call my children together - tell Danny to fling up his cap for old Ireland. I have now no doubt but that we shall be emancipated. A great Orange man from the north - Sir George Hill - but his name should not appear in print - has just announced that a number of the English supporters of the ministry are going in a body to Lord Liverpool to insist that he should no longer oppose emancipation. Tell Maurice to go off with this information to James Sugrue and to Cornelius McLoghlin. Let him not name Sir George Hill, because he is not the only member of Parliament to whom the intelligence may be traced. But he should announce the fact. I am to-morrow free to write to both those persons, and I will fully. How anxious I am that the bishops were here! Doctor Murray has not an hour to lose. Darling, go to him yourself, in your carriage, and tell him I respectfully solicited his immediate coming. I wrote to him myself yesterday - in short,

we have won the game. May I thank Heaven that it was your husband, sweetest, that won it. If I had not been here nothing would have been done. I forced Sir Francis Burdett to bring on his motion. My examination this day related to everything connected with the Catholics in Ireland - the people, the Church, the friars, the priests, the Jesuits, etc., etc., etc., Colonel Dawson, the brother-in-law of Peel, again assured me I had done away many prejudices of his. My own, own heart's love, I am sorry to remain away from you, but, Blessed be the darling heart, it is necessary. great God, for it all will be right.

But all these exertions resulted in a new disappointment. The bill carried in the House of Commons, with the wings to which O'Connell consented, namely, the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders, and the acceptance of a certain stipend for the Roman Catholic clergy, was not only rejected by the House of Lords, but this rejection, which was understood to be due to the personal resolution of the king, was accompanied by a solemn declaration from the Duke of York, the next heir to the throne, that he would never under any circumstances consent to the relief policy. The Catholics found that after a generation of waiting they were still met by the royal veto.

In 1823 O'Connell had followed up Plunket's defeat in the Lords by founding the Catholic Association. In 1826 he replied to the royal anathema by organizing the forty-shilling freeholders. On a vacancy in the county of Waterford, he loss of his seat at Oxford. applied himself during two months to raise able of the English families settled in Ireland. The result was a contemptuous rejection of the Beresford candidate, and the return of Mr. Villiers Stuart by an immense majority. The Waterford election has not attracted so much attention as the Clare election which took place two years afterwards, when O'Connell himself was returned, in disregard of the acts requiring oaths which Roman Catholics would, it was admitted, refuse to take; to Cork, as I would of but the Clare election was only the exercise in a new form of the power which the Roman Catholic party had proved they possessed in 1826.

Although Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald could not claim in Clare such a position as that of the Beresfords in Waterford, he was a great landowner, universally respected, and he was known in England as well as in Clare as a consistent supporter of the

that the Perceval policy had passed away, but it was an appeal to the Roman Catholics to wait events, and this was just what O'Connell had become strong enough to resist. He had submitted to this policy more than once. In 1825 he had gone to the extreme limit of compromise. The next year he had proved by his own exertions that the Catholic party possessed a weapon which they had not thought of before. The time for waiting had passed, and this was asserted in a manner particularly attractive to the crowd, a personal struggle between the nominee of the prime minister and the man who was the first of their creed to win large income and distinction by his abilities, who for more than a generation had counselled action and perseverance, whose resolution had extorted admiration even from opponents. The return of O'Connell by an overwhelming majority brought the Catholic question to a crisis. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel gave way, and the Catholic Relief Act was passed (1829). O'Connell was entitled to boast that he had conquered the prejudices of the house of Hanover. He encouraged his Irish admirers to believe that he had beaten England, led by her most famous chief, whose sword had decided the fate of em-He certainly believed himself that he had triumphed over Peel, who up to the Clare election had not foreseen the necessity of legislation which involved the

It was only in the first session of 1830, the small tenantry to dispute the county cut short by the king's death, that O'Conseat with one of the greatest and most nell seriously entered on Parliamentary work; and in connection with this, the culminating point of his career, let us cull from Mr. Fitzpatrick's volumes some account of the home from which he sallied forth to take his place in the British Parliament. He had succeeded to Darrynane on the death of his uncle in 1826, and to its attractions he frequently recurs

But, although I must accept your invitation [to Cork], as I would obey an honoured command, yet I trust you will allow me to name a distant day for that purpose. After nearly seven months of the most close and unremitting labor I want the calm and quiet of my loved native hills - the bracing air, purified as it comes over "the world of waters," the cheerful exercise, the majestic scenery of these awful mountains whose wildest and most romantic glens are awakened by the enlivening cry of my merry beagles; whose deep notes, multiplied one million times by the Catholic cause. His nomination to office echoes, speak to my senses as if it were the by the Duke of Wellington was evidence voice of magic powers commingling as it does

with the eternal roar of the mighty Atlantic, that breaks and foams with impotent rage at the foot of our stupendous cliffs. Oh! these are scenes to revive all the forces of natural strength—to give new energy to the human mind, to raise the thoughts above the grovelling strife of individual interests—to elevate the sense of family affection into the purest, the most refined, and the most constant love of country, and even to exalt the soul to the contemplation of the wisdom and mercy of the all-seeing and good God, who has been pleased to afflict Ireland with centuries of misrule and misery, but seems now to have in store for her a coming harvest of generous retribution.

Permit me to postpone for some — shall I say considerable? — time the day on which I am to meet my friends, and the friends of Ireland, in Cork. Do not tear me from this loved spot until I have enjoyed some of its renovating effects. If you think I deserve the sweets of this loved retreat, give me time to taste them more at leisure after my fatigues and vexations, and allow me to mention a distant day for that on which I am to meet you at the festive board, consecrated, in my humble name, to the welfare of Ireland.

Later on, we have another glimpse of his pursuits in his cherished home:—

The weather has been very favorable since my arrival here. I have exceedingly enjoyed my hunting scenes, and I really feel a restoration of health and energy even beyond my expectations. I do delight in this retreat; my pack is beautiful, and they hunt admirably. They kill with ease full six and even seven hares in a day, and this amidst the finest scenery, the most majestic in the world. How I wish you saw this place and saw my hounds hunt, because it is not the men but the dogs that hunt with me. It is with bitter regret I tear myself from these mountains, and I would not consent for any offer to forfeit my prospect of being here all October in the ensuing year.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's pages show us how in this picturesque spot he delighted down to his latest days to maintain a sort of rural court, dispensing hospitality in regal style, enjoying the fine scenery of the neighborhood, and passionately devoted to field sports.

His account of his first experience in Parliament is characteristic of his im-

patient spirit: -

I am exceedingly amused by the exhibitions of the human mind that surround me. . . Indeed there is more folly and nonsense in the House than anywhere out of it. There is a low and subservient turn of thinking, and there is a submission to authority which is to the last degree debasing.

O'Connell here expresses the view taken

by many a popular champion, who, a great leader in his own locality, finds himself for the first time face to face with men equally able and fluent as himself. He was at this time watching English affairs with close attention, providing as well as he could for his large expenditure and his loss of professional income in consequence of his attendance in Parliament, instead of in the Irish courts, by the establishment of the O'Connell rent.\* He was in fact gradually drifting away from the position he had so long held as the head of the Irish bar, and becoming a professional politician. The hostility of the Wellington government excluded him from patronage for himself or his friends. During the summer and autumn of 1830 we have a number of letters relating to the organization of the new fund, the O'Connell rent. To Fitzpatrick he writes:-

This is the time to do something for the Fund. This is of course in confidence—that is, it must not be known to come from me; but I cannot tell you how delighted I was at the development of your plan for a diocesan Sunday collection. One Sunday, is it not, for each diocese?

Public meetings were held, and among the objects to be promoted was a repeal of the Union.

At this time, when this question first became a part of his public policy, we have a number of influences affecting O'Connell's mind. He is in Parliament, but not yet acquainted with its ways, and not having much disposition to learn them. In England he is a notability rather than a power, whilst his renown and influence among the people he has hitherto acted with are greater then ever. His expenses and style of living, always out of proportion to his income, large though that was for an Irish barrister, have increased whilst that income has been seriously interfered with by his attendance in Parliament at a distance from the Irish courts. There was no subject on which to rally the masses such as had been the demand for Catholic relief. The further extension of Catholic rights was not a sufficiently broad question to keep public attention engaged.

Besides the abolition of the forty-shilling freeholder, the Catholic Relief Act had been accompanied by another measure

<sup>\*</sup> The annual O'Connell tribute, popularly known as the "O'Connell rent," was projected at this time by Mr. Patrick Vincent Fitzpatrick, to whom the largest number of letters in this collection is addressed, and to whom he contantly expresses the deepest gratitude.

which O'Connell felt much more bitterly than the abolition of the popular voter or the prohibition of the monastic orders. The Catholic Association had been put down in 1825, but he had managed to reorganize it in one form or another, down to 1829. There was no escaping from the comprehensive provisions of the Associations Act of 1829, but without an association his chances of raising funds were

cone.

One cry there was which excited the peasantry to the verge of rebellion and deeply interested the priesthood; but O'Connell, as a lawyer, knew that refusal to pay tithes was contrary to law; that the struggle which was already going on meant - what his practical instincts as a natural ruler of men, what all his pro-fessional training led him to abhor—a conflict with the law. With all these questions present to his eager gaze, the French revolution of July, 1830, and the Belgian revolution which followed, brought him, like many others, to think again of the schemes and controversies which had occupied the close of the last century. In Ireland the Parliament of Grattan had largely profited by the maxim " De mortuis nil nisi bonum." Whether its manes will altogether rejoice in the flood of light which in later times Mr. Gladstone's passionate appeal to history has thrown on its ignoble course, we need not stop to enquire. The careers of Grattan and Plunket in the English House of Commons had greatly added to the renown of the defunct assembly. Distinguished personalities live longer in public memory than schemes of policy or acts of administration; and the assembly which included men like Parsons and Foster, and Smith and Yelverton, which was represented for more than a generation in the United Parliament by men like Grattan and Plunket, was remembered with admiration, whilst their actual share in public work was forgotten. Enthusiasm for this famous company as one of the past glories, was a pious aspiration of the Irish crowd, a familiar topic in public meetings. A cry for repeal of the Union had been hitherto rather an expression of homage to the departed great or of discontent with England than any statement of an actual

In the autumn of 1830 we have the first distinct declaration on the subject of repeal, addressed to one of his inspired writers. The context shows how closely connected it was in his thoughts with the great business of raising supplies:—

The Union should now be agitated in every possible shape —in all those so well and easily suggested by you — but not to the exclusion of the formation of a permanent society. A permanent society is absolutely necessary in order to collect funds in primo loco, to collect funds in secundo loco, and to collect funds, thirdly and lastly, because we have both mind and body within us, and all we want is the means of keeping the machine in regular and supple motion. Corruption was said by Burke to be the oil that makes the wheels of government go. Money is as necessary to keep in due operation the springs of popular excitement.

Shortly after Lord Grey's ministry was formed, Lord Anglesey saw O'Connell at Uxbridge House in an interview to which O'Connell thus refers:—

Lord Anglesea sent for me and talked to me for two hours, to prevail on me to join the Government; he went so far as to discuss my private affairs in order to prevail on me to repair my fortunes.

What exactly passed at this interview is not recorded; but there can be little doubt that the government would have been glad to accept O'Connell as solicitorgeneral. Lord Anglesey, however, was not prepared to offer any commanding position which would have secured him a liberal share of patronage for his Irish following; and the conference was succeeded by a brief and eager conflict, which resulted in O'Connell's arrest for offences against the Associations Acts in various fresh attempts to re-establish a successor to the Catholic Association. Immediately ensued negotiations, of which we have some curious hints in these volumes. On the 19th of January O'Connell was arrested. On the 22nd he writes:—

I have had a communication with a person in the confidence of the Ministry in England, but whose name I cannot disclose, who states distinctly that all the ministry desire is to postpone the Union question, until those of reform, abolition of corporate monopoly and reformation of Church abuses are disposed of, thus leaving the Union for the last.

I think this may be done by Lord Cloncurry and Lord Meath, in such a manner as to carry with them the public mind, preserving only just so much or rather so little of popular agitation as would continue the confidence of the people in the prospect of legitimate redress; such prospect being, in my mind, the only mode of preventing violence and outrage, and probable rebellion.

The peers appealed to were not prepared to help O'Connell out of his difficulties. But with Lord Duncannon, whose seat in Kilkenny was in some danger, he was able to establish satisfactory relations. O'Connell was convicted, but released on bail, to come up for judgment; whilst this correspondence shows that thenceforward, to the time of his death as lord-lieutenant in 1845, Lord Duncannon, subsequently Lord Bessborough, paid the most dutiful attention to O'Connell's wishes.

This was just the sort of political position he enjoyed, and on his side he did his part with a will to show his fidelity to his new ally. On April 27th we have him, the traverser awaiting judgment, reporting to Lord Duncannon the prospects

of the coming election : -

On my arrival here this day, I of course proceeded at once to business, and I am happy to say that everything has as favorable an as-

pect as one could almost wish.

And he proceeds to give details of some nine constituencies. The main burden of this correspondence after 1833 is the question of Irish appointments. The government are reproached for not "commencing to be friendly to their friends," and the cashiering of Lord Anglesey, and Mr. Stanley, the chief secretary, and of Blackburn, the attorney-general, is suggested as a pledge of good-will.

It was about this time that Dr. Doyle, discussing the probability of O'Connell's accepting an appointment, wrote:—

I think it will be hard to gain O'Connell, for he is more popular in Ireland than he ever was, and he can if he please get twenty or thirty thousand pounds from the country on his return. This popularity and emolument are more than Ministers can offer to him.

At the election of 1832, after the passing of the Reform Bill, he exerted his full power as a popular leader advocating repeal, and succeeded in obtaining fiftytwo followers pledged to this proposal. This cry served as a plea for asking for the votes of the lawless and disaffected; whilst their deeds, however, became so monstrous, that the ministry were forced next session to propose one of the sternest Coercion Acts of modern times. O'Connell secured his popularity by scenes of extravagant violence; and with his fierce denunciations of the "brutal and bloody Whigs," his allies, and his sincere onslaughts on Stanley, whom he detested, it is curious to compare a confidential letter to Lord Duncannon written in January, 1833:-

There is an almost universal organization going on. It is not confined to one or two counties. It is, I repeat, almost universal. I do

not believe that there is any man in the rank of a comfortable farmer engaged — not one man probably entitled to vote. But all the poverty of our counties is being organized. There never yet was, as I believe, so general a disposition for that species of insurrectionary outrages. . . . All I can add in the way of advice is — that the more troops are sent over here, the better. In every point of view it is best to increase the King's troops.

This letter throws light on the violent wrangle which occurred later on in the session, when Lord Althorp was called on to fight a duel because he admitted having stated that some of O'Connell's followers had confessed the necessity of a Coercion Bill. It indeed exhibits a characteristic of Irish agitation, to judge from the recently published letters of Captain O'Shea and Mr. Chamberlain.

Whilst O'Connell was relying on his violent opposition to the Coercion Act to keep himself right with his public, other agitators in Ireland were taking advantage of the general effervescence which followed on the success of reform to press for some progress on the question which O'Connell had so often talked about. Feargus O'Connor had given notice of a

motion in favor of repeal.

Feargus O'Connor has had his brains blown out by the trash in the Freeman's Journal, and he has, without condescending to consult me, fixed his Union debate for the 16th of the next month. He will do great mischief, and the Repealers will, I trust, show Mr. Lavelle that he has speculated badly in setting on this uncalculating and coarse-minded fellow to do mischief.

At present my family are determined that I should neither speak nor vote. My wife—who in almost all my political resolves has been, I believe, uniformly right—is strongly against my taking any part. I myself think I should merely stand by and reply to some late

speakers.

It is cruel to have my plan deranged by this interloper. His debate can do nothing but mischief.

In this year we have numerous despatches to Mr. Fitzpatrick, his chancellor of the exchequer, and to his press agents, protesting his zeal for repeal, his unalterable conviction of its necessity, his personal sacrifices for the cause, his own importance to the ministry, but not a single sentence suggests that he had really considered how the repeal scheme was to be carried.

He was angry with O'Connor for pressing on a discussion of repeal in 1833. The danger was evaded for that particular session, but could not be indefinitely

postponed, particularly when the royal | O'Connell writes to Fitzpatrick in Februspeech of 1834 contained a distinct repudiation of the scheme. O'Connell had, sorely against his will, to face the ordeal of a Parliamentary discussion. All the records of his friends describe him as much dispirited at the prospect. A letter to Staunton strengthens the impression which the reader gets from the works of Mr. Daunt and of Mr. John O'Connell, as to the exceeding reluctance of O'Connell to enter upon a formal discussion of his great theme: -

I never felt so nervous about anything as I do about my repeal effort. It will be my worst. I sink beneath the load. My materials are confused and totally without arrangement. I wish you could come here and bring McCabe. I would readily be at the entire expense; but you should come without delay. In fact it is at the last moment I venture to write to you on this subject. I say venture because I am convinced there will be nothing in my speech deserving recollection or any extraordinary exertions by my friends. It is quite true that I have desponded before a public exertion and afterwards succeeded, but this cannot now be the case. I feel for the first time overpowered.

The defeat of his proposal for a committee on the results of the Act of Union the actual majority was four hundred and eighty-eight - was a matter of course; but O'Connell's speech was singularly deficient in those characteristic outbursts of energy and plausible argument, with which he generally won the attention even of his most eager opponents. He failed to convince the House that he had any faith in his own cause.

During the brief Melbourne administration which succeeded on the resignation of Lord Grey, we find O'Connell exceedingly active in impressing upon Lord Duncannon the necessity of considering his views on the Irish Church and similar questions, but above all on matters of patronage: -

All we ask is that you should remove from office your enemies and ours, that the Orange faction should not continue to be, as they have hitherto exclusively been, your only instruments of rule in Ireland. We simply ask of you not to continue to entrust your power as you have hitherto done, to your mortal enemies, but to govern Ireland by avowed and tried friends of reform and of the Irish people - by such men as you are yourself.

After Peel's unsuccessful resort to a general election in 1834, and whilst the debates were proceeding which ended in command of the agitation would have been his defeat on the appropriation clause, lost. In these circumstances the preju-

ary, 1835:-

You will perceive that I have offered my terms of support to the Whig ministry when they shall be formed again. They are these:

1st. As good and extensive a Reform Bill for Ireland as the English people may have. In other words, the same measure of reform for both countries.

2nd. The reduction of the establishment to the extent of the wants of the Protestants, and a proper application of the surplus.

3rd. A complete corporate reform. Upon getting these terms I am ready to give a full and fair trial of their efficiency. I would give that trial to show whether they could produce good government in Ireland, and, if that experiment failed, I would come back with tenfold force to "the Repeal."

I hope my offer of support will facilitate the return to office of the Whigs.

Here we probably have the rough draft of the Lichfield House compact, to be settled at the meetings of the following

When the Whigs returned to office, the question whether O'Connell was to form part of the new ministry was much more complicated than at the date of the Uxbridge House meeting. He had become known to the English public as the virulent assailant of successive ministerial combinations, because they would not accept views distasteful to the great majority of Englishmen. In office he would have had himself to explain both to his Irish followers and to Englishmen the nature of his arrangements with the government, and his colleagues would have been called on to be equally explicit. They could not have evaded the subject by answers such as Lord Melbourne gave in the House of Lords, answers which Lord Brougham said were "on the footing With O'Connell actually in of drollery. the Cabinet, or responsible for an important section of Irish administration, the time for drollery would have gone by. Even as it was, it became necessary for O'Connell to explain the co-operation between his forces and those of the ministry, and later on he publicly announced his willingness to suspend the repeal agitation until the ministerial programme was developed. Nothing but his great personal authority could have imposed such an arrangement on the nationalist crowds from whom he drew his contributions. If at the same time he had become a salaried member of the government, his

dices of the king were not an unwelcome

The fall of the Peel ministry had been anticipated. The Lichfield House meetings were held in view of this coming event, but the decisive vote on Lord John Russell's amendment did not take place until April 7th. The resignation of the ministry was only announced on the 8th. Until the day following there was no possibility of learning the king's views in any formal manner, and without some formal declaration on the subject and a declaration more than once reiterated, it is impossible to believe that so important a personage as O'Connell was then in public affairs, would — if he really were an aspirant to office — have submitted to be shelved on the dictum of William IV. Yet on the day Melbourne first saw the king O'Connell writes to Fitzpatrick, who was the voice to whisper to O'Connell's agents what was to become the current opinion of the party:-

You may be convinced that I will not accept offers of any kind without distinct pledges. Nor is there any office I should accept save Attorney-General or Secretary for Ireland. But there may be objections in the prejudices of the King against me which may render it unwise to have me named to any situation.

Here was the germ from which public opinion in Ireland was to spring. O'Connell, the faithful guardian of the country, ostracized by the arbitrary act of the king, and yet regardless of self, doing what he could to help a ministry from which he

hoped some good for Ireland.

A very important element in the new government was Lord Mulgrave, the lord lieutenant, in whom O'Connell practically found his own deputy in administration. When the State was still in labor with the second Melbourne Cabinet, he writes: "We have an excellent man in Lord Mulgrave, the new lord lieutenant. I tell you there cannot be a better." As representing O'Connell in the ministry, his services were so satisfactory, that three years afterwards O'Connell reports good tidings of the Cabinet's prospects, and adds, "This, after all, is cheering for Ireland, as it leaves us Lord Mulgrave." Later on he writes:—

Lord Mulgrave sent for me yesterday to state the vacancy in the Exchequer, and to hear my wishes on the subject. I easily showed that I ought not to accept the judging of tithe causes. He then stated that he believed it would not be difficult to make an arrangement to offer me "the Rolls," and in fact he offered it. You know that, if I took

anything, it would be the Rolls. But I could not bring myself to accept it. My heart is heavy, but I have made this sacrifice. Nothing could exceed the handsome manner in which Lord Mulgrave treated me.

O'Connell remained in politics and out of office, but he obtained some three years of power in the way most suited to his habits and tastes. None of the Irish appointments could be settled without consulting him, whilst the smaller departments of patronage were placed at his disposal, and good berths were secured for his con-

nections and dependants.

A faithful supporter of the Cabinet, the death of William IV. inspired him with new hopes. The new queen was welcomed by O'Connell with enthusiasm. Mr. Fitzpatrick quotes the account given by Lord Broughton of O'Connell's attendance at St. James's, on the proclamation of the accession of the queen, "acting as a sort of fugleman to the multitude, and regulating their acclamations." Later on O'Connell writes:—

The Queen has expressed a wish to see me. She is determined to conciliate Ireland. I will of course attend the next levée, and perhaps some good to Ireland may be the consequence. You will feel how imperative it is to keep all this from every eye but your own, especially as I may perhaps be honored with an audience within ten days.

In his speeches and letters at this time his allusions to the queen breathe warm personal admiration. "The queen, God bless her!" was to be the cry of his followers at the coming election, and he declares to the association

that until the accession of her present Majesty there never was a sovereign on the British Throne sincerely friendly to the people of Ireland.

In a manifesto to the association he says, "We have on the throne a monarch educated to cherish the rights and liberties of all the people, free from preoccupations and prejudices, and ready to do justice to all, without distinction of sect or persuasion." His followers were to be organized as "the friends of the queen," and in his enthusiasm for "the benevolent wishes of the pure-minded sovereign," he adds, "Let Cork County and Yorkshire be put on a footing—let Ireland and England be identified." O'Connell was not the man to think that the dignity of Ireland was advanced by refusing to play "God Save the Queen," or to drink the sovereign's health. In furtherance of this policy the Repeal Association in Dublin was dissolved in October.

The contributions, however, to the O'Connell tribute ran very low, and the following session of 1838 showed plainly both the weakness of the government and their consciousness of the unpopularity which their alliance with O'Connell entailed. Towards the end of the year he announced a new organization, to be called the Precursor Society. This name was selected in order to include all persons who looked on the existing state of things as a prelude to something else, whether that something was repeal or greater concession from government. This was the time when Peel's growing reputation menaced the life of the ministry; and O'Con-nell explains to Dr. McHale, "My present anxiety is to have our organization completed during the reign of the present ministers." O'Connell saw that a period of Tory government was at hand, and it was for this that he wished to have ready the resource of a repeal agitation. But there was even a worse danger than the exclusion of O'Connell's friends from office. There was some prospect at this time, as the Greville journals disclose, of the formation of a coalition ministry; and as this possibility became greater, he exerted himself the more to push on his new association. When the ministry resigned on the Jamaica Bill in May, 1839, he writes, we may believe with perfect sincerity: "Blessed be God, it is a sad affliction... Regret is vain. The Tories must dissolve, but the blow is too fearful to allow me to do more than announce it to you." The dispute over the household appointments had the effect of removing all danger of coalition, and throwing the restored ministry more than ever into the hands of O'Connell, and of the English Radicals; but he clearly saw it was only a respite, and although he struggled to keep agitation afloat, he was in very low spirits at the continued falling off in the O'Connell tribute.

As defeat followed defeat at Westminster, he proceeded in April, 1840, formally to inaugurate a Repeal Association, and this time he succeeded in getting what this correspondence shows he had long been asking for in vain, the hearty co-operation of Dr. McHale. The price of this assistance was O'Connell's pledge to make the archbishop's views in opposition to the Education Board a primary portion of his policy. The meetings he called during the autumn produced a certain amount of commotion, but they did not secure an increase in the supplies. In February, 1841, he writes:—

Where shall I get money? The tribute has not been successful this year, and the second attempt appears more inefficient in its results than the first.

The election of the summer was fatal to the Whig party, and greatly diminished O'Connell's Parliamentary strength; but, on the other hand, the return of the Tories to office gave him a greater quantity of plastic material. The Whigs were less hostile to a movement which could hardly fail to be embarrassing to their opponents, and in July he writes, with increased confidence, "Repeal is the sole basis which the people will accept, let nobody tell you the contrary." Still the money did not come into the disorganized exchequer, and his letters disclose great apprehension:—

Want is literally killing me. I have grown ten years older from my incessant pecuniary anxiety.

In the following autumn, however, his efforts produced a considerable stir amongst people of various conditions in all parts of the country, and the agitation secured most effective aid in a new weekly paper representing a section of Irish opinions which had been practically voiceless since the days of Wolfe Tone. The Nation made its appearance in October, 1842, and although it could not have come into existence or found subscribers but for the ferment which O'Connell had produced, its style of writing and directness of policy went home to the popular heart in a way which the master agitator could not emulate. Davis, Duffy, and the band of writers who started the new organ, worked loyally for O'Connell and repeal, but they did so because repeal was part of a larger scheme, which was that of an independent Ireland, a nation to be ruled by Irishmen. Such a theme presented an opportunity of much brighter and more attractive writing than any disquisitions on Stanley's Registration Bill or the reforms of corporations could supply. young writers became members of the association. Their readers subscribed to the O'Connell tribute. As long as O'Connell was able to promise repeal there was no occasion for a critical contrast of principles. The immediate end of both sections was the same, the diminution of British influence over Irish affairs. Whilst the Young Ireland party basked in the glow of O'Connell's popularity, their disquisitions on Celtic history and antiquities flattered local vanity, and their rhetoric and poetry created popular en-

hitherto produced less annually than O'Connell claimed to have made at the bar in 1829, - 8,000/. a year, - rose in the course of 1843 to something like 50,oool, a year. The bishops and priests all over the country came in, and most of the Roman Catholic landlords. The organization in Dublin was developed on an enormous scale, and O'Connell announced that within the year repeal would be ob-

It was determined to follow up all the other demonstrations, by collecting the largest possible crowds at particular spots all over the country. This series of vast gatherings continued all through the summer of 1843. The government removed O'Connell and some others from the commission of the peace, but did not interfere with the meetings. Peel, when challenged in the House of Commons, declared his unalterable resolution to maintain the Union even at the cost of civil war. O'Connell replied by reiterating his prophecy, that he would have repeal before the end of the year, and talked about legal rights and resistance if they were assailed. "We will not attack," said his lieutenant John O'Connell. "I do not say we will not defend." The troops in Ireland and the police were increased, but nothing further was done until the eve of the greatest demonstration the repealers had yet projected to be held in the outskirts of Dub-Then at length the government declared themselves, and, on the previous afternoon, proclamations were posted prohibiting the meeting. O'Connell and his friends were in council at the time, and at once decided to adjourn the meeting.

After the violent language of the summer, the talk of dying for Ireland, of leaving his enemies only his dead body to trample upon, this prompt surrender was fatal to his reputation for sagacity and irresistible power. No attempt was made to test the question of legal right. At the next meeting of the association, he endeavored by a long and vague harangue to divert public attention from his disaster, but the catastrophe was only the more obvious, and in a few days the government followed up their success by a prosecution

for seditious conspiracy.

The history of this famous trial, O'Connell's conviction and imprisonment, and the final quashing of the conviction by the House of Lords, are the best-known portion of O'Connell's career, and need not be repeated here.

thusiasm. The repeal rent, which had | strange exhibition of his anxiety to escape from the untenable position into which the eagerness of his strife with Peel had hurried him. In October, after a few weeks' repose at Darrynane, he addressed a long, discursive epistle to the associa-He started by claiming the decision tion. of the House of Lords as a great victory in favor of the principle of public meeting. That decision, it was manifest to every one, proceeded entirely on technical questions of criminal pleading and procedure; but, in his endeavor to cover his retreat, he said of it: -

> We have obtained the most valuable victory that ever was achieved by purely moral means. The victory of Waterloo was the mere triumph of physical force, combined with military organization. It was a brutal and bloody scene, and much of what are called its glories depended upon chance and accident.

> Ours, on the contrary, was the triumph of the first principles of civil liberty, and of the judicial merits of our glorious cause. That which triumphed was the great constitutional principle which sanctions the rights of free discussion to the inhabitants of these realms.

> The significant part of this lengthy discourse was: -

> For my own part, I will own that since I have come to contemplate the specific differences, such as they are, between simple repeal and Federalism, I do at present feel a preference for the Federative plan as tending more to the utility of Ireland and to the maintenance of the connection with England, than the mode of simple repeal.

And he invites an obscure section of Irish politicians, whom he had hitherto ignored, to propose a plan of a federative union

for further discussion.

It was somewhat startling to find that, after laboring on this question for more than forty years - for, according to his own declarations, he had devoted himself to repeal in 1800 - he was still in doubt as to the character and powers of the Parliament he asked for. The Nation at once protested against this attempt to shift his ground. If federalism amused a certain number of Liberal Protestants. let them cherish it, for it was, in the words of Sir C. Gavan Duffy, "the shadow of repeal;" but O'Connell was bound to adhere to the definite proposal which distinctly recognized national aspirations, and to these he owed the strength of the movement which he had evoked. Mr. Davis wrote: "The aspiration of Ireland is for unbounded nationality: to the pol-His proceedings subsequently were a cy of this we are sure O'Connell will return." At the same time he wrote pri- ism in place of repeal, and in this we have vately to Smith O'Brien : -

My opinion is, you know, what I have always avowed in the Nation, namely, that Federalism is not, and cannot be, a final settlement, though it deserves a fair trial and perfect toleration. I believe there would be no limit to our nationality in twenty years, whether we pass through Federalism or — [a blank in the original letter].\*

Meanwhile O'Connell, on his part, although he took no public part in the discussion he had started, wrote on the 21st of October to Smith O'Brien, enclosing a draft scheme of federalism, and assuring O'Brien in many flattering terms that he would not move further in Irish questions without O'Brien's aid. O'Brien replied coldly to the gushing letter, and as to the scheme, declared that his preference was for repeal. Shortly after the date of his letter to Smith O'Brien, we have a letter to Fitzpatrick, and the concluding paragraphs indicate only too distinctly that in 1844, as in 1830, the question of supply absorbed much of his attention : -

Nov. 2nd. - I cannot well describe the anxiety I feel to hear from you. You broke off by telling me that O'Hagan was busied at Belfast arranging some Federal demonstration. There the intelligence stands still; off and on, I ought to be apprised before now of the fact. I suppose, indeed, that the movement for Federalism has been quashed by the Whigs in the Murphy line, and by the Tories and CROCHETS in the Protestant and Radical sections. Be it so. But I should know the fact. I do indeed collect that fact from your and Conway's emphatic silence. But I ought to be informed of the details, as it is my duty to address the "hereditary bondsmen" as speedily as I possibly can.

Do you know that I have feelings of despondency creeping over me on the subject of this year's tribute? It seems to have dropped almost stillborn from the press. In former years, when the announcement appeared, it was immediately followed by crowded adver-tisements in the Dublin papers to meet and arrange the collection. The Cork, Waterarrange the collection. ford, Limerick, etc., newspapers followed,

but there is not one *spark* alight.

Can you help to dissipate these gloomy apprehensions?

At the end of November O'Connell made his first appearance at the association after his release from prison, and hastened at once to wash his hands of federalism; yet this correspondence shows that during the two previous months he had made vigorous exertions to obtain support in substituting a cry for federal-

\* Duffy, Young Ireland, p. 589. LIVING AGE. VOL. LXV. 3338 strong evidence of the confusion into which the action of the government had thrown his plans.

But his seeking even for a time to encourage this scheme is some measure of the little faith he had in his original demand. To restore the Irish Parliament of 1782 was a definite proposal. There was a Parliament with national claims formally acknowledged. Anything less was to return to the schemes of subordinate legislatures which, as Dr. Ball, in his "Legislative Systems in Ireland," shows us, had, in fact, been tried before 1782, and had absolutely failed to provide a good government or to excite popular enthusiasm. Such a system, with provisions adapted to modern wants, was proposed by the Duke of Portland, but he acknowledged that Irish public opinion despised it. Similar suggestions were urged again in 1800. To Nationalists such schemes had germs of possibility, thus described by the authority to whom we have referred:-

Besides the reasons against bringing forward a measure to restrain the jurisdiction of the Irish Parliament which have been mentioned, any proceeding of the kind was discouraged by the consideration that, even if such a measure were carried, there was no certainty of its permanence. The existing Irish Parliament might enact it, the succeeding might demand its repeal. An intermediate policy necessarily has no finality; and this is especially true when it relates to the constitution of representative institutions; for such institutions have within them a principle of growth. In Ireland Councils had expanded to Parliaments; Parliaments without representatives of the Commons, to Parliaments with representatives of the Commons; Parliaments with out the native Irish, to Parliaments with representatives from the native Irish; Parliaments restrained by Poyning's law, and overawed by fear of another legislature claiming pre-eminence, to Parliaments free, independent, subject to no external authority. then, might not Parliaments, excluded from dealing with commercial questions, foreign policy, the great affairs of State, arise out of their depressed condition, and in time regain the elevated position which had, in a moment of weakness, been surrendered?\*

O'Connell, however, could not plead any such forecasts for his retreat upon federalism. He was not, like Mr. Davis, or Mr. Davitt at the present day, a believer in an independent Ireland. He could not urge, as Davis did, that federalism was

Legislative Systems in Ireland, by the Right Hon.
 J. T. Ball, p. 123.

acceptable because it might lead to some- people; but whilst he exposed the delu-

thing else.

Meantime Peel had followed up the blow struck at agitation in October, 1843, by a series of schemes for the improvement of Ireland. Conspicuous among these was that for the establishment of the Queen's University. A large section of the Roman Catholic clergy objected to it on much the same grounds on which Dr. McHale had long assailed the national system of education introduced by Stanley. To criticise this and similar measures was the only occupation which O'Conneli could find for the association, and the consequence was to divide him still further from the young Nationalists, who had rallied to his support. They were more and more excited by the revolutionary movements then traversing Europe. They, the butterflies called to life by O'Connell's sunlike glow, were confident that Irish independence was one assured result of the revolutions in Europe, and meanwhile they found their leader, their creator, falling back upon ecclesiastical pretensions which necessarily divided

Catholic from Protestant.

O'Connell was beginning to show signs of failing health in 1845, but he would have struggled on a great power in politics, notwithstanding the disaster of 1843, had it not been for the potato famine. Since the days of Sennacherib, there had been no such terrible commentary on human vanity. For nearly two generations he had assumed the leadership of the Irish population, and maintained it with He had levied large tributes success. from their poverty. He had hurried them into wild enterprises, in which they had shown all the devotion of tribesmen to a chief, but during all the period of his supremacy, those anxious questions, as to the chances of existence of the people, questions which Arthur Young had stated, which Adam Smith had discussed with prophetic insight, which had been carefully examined by De Beaumont, and which had absorbed all the energies of Drummond, - had never, it would seem, diverted O'Connell's thoughts from his great mission in life, the distribution of money among his followers. One great economic question he did bestow much attention on, the introduction of the poorlaw into Ireland. It was a measure which distinctly portended ruin to the class in which the energy of the O'Connell clan had placed him; and as a landlord he combated it, pointing out, with unanswerable force, how little it would do for the

people; but whilst he exposed the delusion of his Whig friends, that an improved poor-law of Elizabeth could in 1839 deliver them from the impending Irish crisis, he had no other deliverance to suggest. It was only when the Devon Commission was attracting attention to facts with which all thoughtful observers of Ireland had been engrossed for nearly three generations, that we find him seriously considering Irish destitution.

On the return of the Whigs to office he resumed the position of chief distributor of patronage in Ireland. In the beginning of 1847 he started on a pilgrimage to Rome, attended by one of the most interesting of the Irish priesthood, whom his renown had attached to him. At Genoa

his strength failed him.

At two o'clock this morning the 15th [writes Dr. Miley in May], I found it necessary to send for the viaticum and the holy oil. Though it was the dead of night, the Cardinal-Archbishop (he is eighty-eight years old), attended by his clerics and several of the faithful, carried the adorable viaticum with the solemnities customary in Catholic countries, and reposed it in the tabernacle which we had prepared in the chamber of the illustrious sufferer. Though prostrate to the last degree, he was perfectly in possession of his mind whilst receiving the last rites. The adorable name of Jesus, which he had been in the habit of invoking, was constantly on his lips with trembling fervor. His thoughts have been entirely absorbed by religion since his illness commenced. For the last forty hours he has not opened his lips to speak of anything else. The doctors still say they have hope. I have

Of the man himself these volumes of Mr. Fitzpatrick will always remain the most vivid record, showing, as they do, his stupendous energy, his wonderful fertility in resource, and the glowing warmth of his nature, whether in affection or wrath. They cannot reproduce what some of our readers may recall, those marvellous physical gifts which bespoke the great platform orator, the magnificent organ of voice such as it sounded at the London Tavern in 1830, rousing the multitude of his hearers to attention by its power, charming them by its melody.

His style was often disfigured by violence of language of the grossest kind, but it was distinguished by a practical aptness, which attracted, in spite of these deficiencies. There is something almost Demosthenic in the expression of the value of self-reliance which the following

passage conveys: -

In political affairs the most critical and

that which for that party ought to precede a complete and final triumph. It is at such a moment that the enemy is too much despised and the popular force is overrated. We are disposed to rely on our friends and on halfconverted enemies, not upon the only safe resource - our own exertions.

In estimating the character of O'Connell we must recollect the creed to which he belonged and the period his career traversed. O'Connell was a very earnest son of the Roman Church. Its size, its haughty tradition, its long connection with Ireland, filled his imagination and attracted his affection, and his fervid nature found in its emotional teaching solace and The following letter to his daughter is a touching illustration both of his fatherly affection and of the trustful confidence he placed in the consolations of his Church:

My dearest darling Child, - I have complied with your wish. I have procured Masses to be said for your intention, and after my communion to-morrow I will offer up my wretched prayers for the daughter on whom my fond heart doats with a tenderness that is not to be described or known to any but the

heart of a parent.

Represent to yourself your darling boy in mental agony, and then you will read my feeling of utter misery at your state of mind. This, I own, is the severest blow that ever I experienced, to have you, my angel daughter, consuming your heart and intellect on vain, idle, and unprofitable scruples. It is quite true that you are in a state with which it is the inscrutable will of God to try the souls of His elect - a state of great danger, if the spirit of pride, of self-esteem, or of self-will mixes with it, so as to make the sufferer fall into the snare of despair. Despair is your danger, your only danger. Oh, generous God, protect my child from despair! If you, by humility, submission, humble submission to the Church in the person of your spiritual director —if you give up every thought, and throw yourself into the arms of God by OBEDIENCE and submission, you will soon be at peace, and be so for life, and in an eternity of bliss.

Is your scruple such as you can communi-

cate to your father? If it be, tell it to me, and probably you yourself, when you write it, will see how idle it is. Can my child think that the God who, in the lingering torments of the cross, shed the last drop of His blood for her, is a tyrant, or that He does not love her? Your greatest love for your babe is nothing to the love God bears for you.

Why, then, my own child, not confide in His loving kindness? Generously throw all your care on Him, confide in His love, with humble submission to Him, and to His

dangerous moment to the popular party is | child, that He may through His bitter passion and cruel death give you His grace! If your scruple be such as you cannot communicate to your father, go at once and consult Dr. McHale about it. Determine, before you go in the presence of God, to submit to whatever the Archbishop shall say to you. In the mean time, pray quietly and with composure of mind, once or twice a day; say coolly and deliberately, "Oh God! Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and then attend to your family and children, taking your mind, without bustle and violence, from the thoughts that make you unhappy to your domestic occupations.

You would pity your poor father if you knew how miserable you make me. with the most agonizing fear for you in this trial. If you go through it with humility, submission, and obedience, you will be an

angel for all eternity.

Write to me, darling, darling child. I enclose ten pounds to pay your expenses to France. If you do not go there, use them as you please. Ever my own, own dearest

child,
Your fond though distracted Father,
PANIEL O'CONNEL DANIEL O'CONNELL.

He was born when the penal code had fallen into disuse; but it was not for some years after his birth that the law recognized the right of a Roman Catholic to hold a lease for lives; nor were Roman Catholic families free from the danger that a disobedient son might, by a change of religion, secure control of the family property. Such laws generate home traditions which linger years after the laws themselves have ceased to operate or been repealed; and it was amidst such traditions that O'Connell spent his childhood. Plunged in his youth into the old world of France, he was vividly impressed by the glimpse he there saw of the raging volcano of revolution. His subsequent years in London were devoted to observation of men, and to the study of the great Radical authors, Rousseau and Godwin, which he qualified by Gibbon and legal handbooks. When he entered on his professional career, his mind teeming with impressions from the most various sources, he found himself one of the first of his creed to take advantage of the further concessions to religious liberty made in 1793. But the highest of all concessions, the right to take a full share in the public work of the State, was still denied him. The crisis of the Irish rebellion, brought about by the very influences which had chased him from his studies in France, came the same year, and he had hardly well got into the habits of his profession when he saw spouse, His Holy Church. Oh, my beloved swept away the Parliamentary system

alike endeared to the Irish bar. It was amidst such strangely conflicting currents that his vigorous nature entered upon an active career and the work of the nineteenth century. Later in life his success in closing the battle for Catholic relief gave him renown, power, and, unfortunately for himself, command of the people's money. He became exposed to temptations to which governments could offer no counteracting attraction; his extreme ignorance of England, and his personal violence, made it impossible to offer him a place in the Cabinet; whilst there was no one of weight who could have been expected to work with him in office in Ireland. He had no cordial relations for any length of time with any one who was not his satellite or retainer, rather than his colleague; and to people of this class he appears to have been considerate and generous. The Irish chronicles tell us of an historic family who "had nie companie, nie witt." Of "witt," in the chronicler's sense, O'Connell had more than most men of his time, and his whole theory of life appears to have been that he should supplement this gift of God by maintaining a sufficiently large "companie."

Lord Monteagle's theory, that O'Connell kept repeal as a cry to frighten Englishmen, implies a greater precision of thought than the great agitator seems to have exercised. It was a cry ready to his hand. It made part of the ordinary furniture of the Irish rhetorician, and it was of great use to him at various times after 1829 in keeping public attention fixed on himself, and securing continued contributions, whilst its practical solution was obviously remote. It is possible that at one time during the summer of 1843, believing that he had frightened Peel in 1829, he hoped that he might frighten him once more. These hopes were abandoned almost as quickly as they had been enter-tained. If they were entertained, we see, what this narrative suggests more than once, how strangely small was O'Connell's knowledge of England. Had the circumstances of his early life made it possible for him to have pursued in England systematically that course of schooling which he commenced in France, we can hardly doubt that his great abilities would have been much more serviceable to the island of his birth. In one respect he differed from most of the Irish popular heroes who preceded and who followed him. He always

which intellectual pride and self-interest alike endeared to the Irish bar. It was amidst such strangely conflicting currents that his vigorous nature entered upon an active career and the work of the nine teenth century. Later in life his success in closing the battle for Catholic relief gave him renown, power, and, unfortu-

From Belgravia.
OLD TURCAN'S WIFE.
AN AFRICAN STORY.

A FLAT-TOPPED cape on the African shore of the South Atlantic. A point, the only prominence in view to vessels far out at sea, and from it the shore-line falling away in great, curved, sandy beaches, fringed with heavy surf, and backed by

vast grassy plains.

On the top of the point, close to the seaface, was a low-roofed trading-house, with a slender flagstaff beside it. There was not another house in view, nor any other sign of man, for the scattered native villages of the coast were hidden in the long grass, or further inland in great forests. Through the plains stretched a river whose mouth was closed by a sandbank, and whose waters, in consequence, lay in still sheets linked together.

Far away, towards the inner country, there rose against the sky the smoothlooking tops of a range of mountains, beyond which no white man had yet pene-

trated.

Only on the seacoast and in the mouths of rivers were his factories placed, far be-

tween and solitary.

The still strong sun of the late afternoon poured down on the bare top of the point and on the exposed factory, in the verandah of which lounged the two white

traders of the house.

tained. If they were entertained, we see, what this narrative suggests more than once, how strangely small was O'Connell's knowledge of England. Had the circumstances of his early life made it possible for him to have pursued in England systematically that course of schooling which he commenced in France, we can hardly doubt that his great abilities would have been much more serviceable to the island of his birth. In one respect he differed from most of the Irish popular heroes who preceded and who followed him. He always showed loyalty to the English crown and preached obedience to the law. No one

tanned by the sun very dark, and contrasted with the whiteness of his hair.

The other man was not more than thirty. He lay far back on a canvas chair, with his chin on his chest and his hands clasped slowly dropped from the old man's lips. behind his head. He gazed sulkily at the floor of the verandah, while the ex-sailor lurched seaman-like along it to and fro. Presently the younger man raised his face and shifted his gaze to the ocean, spread out in endless view before him. There was cunning shown now in his keen eyes and cruelty in his square chin and thin lips. Yet his face was a good-looking face, with its regular dark features, and his manner was such that he could mostly win confidence with it when he chose. He had won the confidence of the ex-sailor, John Turcan, the owner of the factory, and an independent trader on the southwest African coast. Yet the younger man, George Hill, in his heart despised the sailor turned trader who was so lenient with him. He could not comprehend how the old fellow had been prudent and hon-est and successful. Old Turcan liked the lad, as he called him, who had been with him a year, and he was much taken by his ability and education, which were apparent on the surface. Moreover, the old man, though he had been so long on the coast, and had become so accustomed to its life that he could not have well lived elsewhere, had grown weary of its solitude, and welcomed the company of the younger man.

"This is the most God-forsaken country that ever was created," cried out Hill impatiently, almost fiercely, and rising suddenly from his chair. He sometimes gave way to fits of temper. He moved towards the ex-sailor, who continued to swing him-

self along, enjoying his walk. "One might as well be drowned in that

sea as be here."

"Why, Hill, man!" exclaimed old Turcan, surprised. "Don't growl, man," he added; "I'd like to know what you'd have done if you had lived here, as I have lived, ten years alone with the niggers.'

"I couldn't have done it. I believe I'd have shot myself. Old man, did you

never tire of it?"

"Yes, and I sent home to Liverpool for some one to come out and help me, and, by good luck, they sent me you," said the ex-sailor kindly.

"Then I'll tell you what I should have done; I should have sent for a woman as

"A woman? A wife? Married her?"

" Hum - yes!"

"What woman would come out here to this coast?" asked old Turcan seriously.

"Only give one a chance."
"Well, I did once think of doing it,"

Hill looked astounded.

"Why," went on old Turcan, "do you suppose I've lived all these years without a thought of having some one to clasp my arm, of having some one I could call my wife, some one who would love me and call me her husband? Why, my lad, I've thought of it, I've dreamt of it a thousand times, but I've never seen how I could put it into shape. First," he added, slowly checking the item off on a fore-finger, "because of the place here, and second, because I've not seen a white woman for ten years. It's true," muttered old Turcan, dropping his voice and speaking with solemnity, "ten years."

"Why don't you go home, then, and choose a girl? I'm sure you're able to,"

said Hill.

"And leave her in England? No. But, my lad, I will tell you something. I have had it in my mind to go home to England and leave you in charge here, to carry on the factory for my benefit. You are quick and clever, and you've picked up the ways of the niggers wonderfully; and if they don't like you as well as they might, they can't cheat you, which is something. it won't be for another year yet at least, and in another year who can tell what may happen? Mayhap I shan't care to see the old country again, or shall feel too old to wish for any company but yours, my lad," and, so saying, the ex-sailor resumed his walk along the verandah.

Hill looked after him, disturbed, indeed, at what he had said. It opened up a view of the future which was in one way good, yet not in another. It was pleasant to think he might have a free hand before long, but not on the coast, and he shuddered at the thought of it, as he remembered the life he had led in a great city

and forgot its disastrous end. Old Turcan stopped suddenly in his walk as he saw a negro, the native headman of the factory, come striding hastily across the patch of sand that covered the top of the cliff and formed the compound or yard of the factory. The headman, as he came near, gave a shout, and running in a half-circle before the white men on the verandah, salaamed vigorously with clasped hands. His dark, bronze-colored and honest face was full of satisfaction and excitement.

"Well, Antonio Bowman, what is it?" asked old Turcan as the negro fetched his

"Oh, master! big master!" and he choked. "Ca - cabooka come. Live for come! Big cabooka! Plenty teeth! Big teeth!" and he stretched out his arms. "Oh, plenty teeth come three day from Kabenga."

"Kabenga? At last!" exclaimed the old man, his trader's instincts alive. "Good, very good, Antonio Bowman. And big teeth, hey?"

The native again extended his arms to indicate the size of the teeth.

"You are sure, this time, you make no mistake, Antonio Bowman?"

"No mistake, O captain. Antonio Bowman make no mistake. Oh, plenty teeth live come - one, two, three day. I say Kabenga!" and he shouted the name

out in his excitement.

"Good, Antonio Bowman," repeated old Turcan. "Ho! boy, give Antonio Bowman matabicho [a drink]. You always bring good news, my man!" And old Turcan, beckoning the negro on the verandah, patted him on the velvet-like skin

of his well-fleshed back.

"Me come one time [quickly] tell master," murmured Antonio softly, as he caught sight of a small native boy, clad in white woven singlet, with a wisp of bird'seye-pattern blue cotton cloth round his loins, coming out of the main doorway of the house with a bottle of gin and a small tumbler in his tawny little hands. He poured out a brimmer for Antonio, who drained it at once, and gave a gasp and a sigh of satisfaction as the liquor gurgled down his throat. Then, knowing when his presence was not required, he gathered his loose robe of flimsy cotton print of blue-and-white-leaf pattern in handkerchief pieces, and threw the end of it over his left shoulder and went away.

The two white men now went into the house to their dinner, which had been announced by the steward, and by the time they had eaten of the inevitable fowl flesh, of which it was wholly composed, served in every way, from fowl soup to fowl palmoil "chop," the day was at an end. The sun had touched the rim of the waters, and darkness was upon the coast and sea, a darkness through which came the continuous glimmer of the waves as they broke

along the low beach.

The lights of the factory twinkled high upon the cliff, solitary specks on all that long stretch of shore.

squatting on the bare floor, crossed his bangled legs. He was duly invited to give further particulars of the cabooka. To these old Turcan listened with interest. A cabooka was the arrival at the point of many negroes from the far interior. With them they brought many tusks of elephants. Not until old Turcan had settled with Antonio Bowman at what rate of barter, and with what goods the tusks were to be bought, did he "turn in" near

midnight.

Not long after midnight, when all the men on the point, black and white, were in deep slumber, save the watch, who cried to one another from the four corners of the yard, hollow murmurs rose from the wide stretch of the open bay. Huge phosphorescent waves showed themselves in the darkness, gradually breaking further and further out at sea. Then, all at once, a line, miles long, of white water flashed out and fell with a crash, followed by another and another, after which there was a lull. Then line after line of breakers arose, each increasing with the fall of the one before it, until the whole surface of the bay was one stretch and mass of phosphorescent, thundering waters.

At daybreak there were lines of breakers for three miles out at sea. There was no wind, and above the beach for miles hung a thick white mist. The calemma, or surf-storm, due to some far-off gale, was

at its height.

It was Sunday morning, and the two traders, who were too much accustomed to the sudden rising of the sea on that exposed coast to pay much attention to it, save when one or the other had to go off to vessels, were passing the time as each

pleased.

Old Turcan lay in a hammock swung from the roof of the verandah, his face shaded by a broad sombrero which had tilted forward. He appeared to be sleeping, hushed by the ceaseless sound of the breakers, but he was awake, and his thoughts were not of the cabooka, not of the many tusks of ivory, but of that of which his assistant Hill had spoken. He had been dreaming, the old man, and he had in his yet hazy brain the remembrance of the face of a woman - or maybe it was an ideal face, he was not sure, only he knew it was there, and pleasant to him, and he lay still in the fear that it would vanish.

Hill sat within the large darkened dining or principal room of the house, into which the outer doorway directly opened. Antonio Bowman now returned, and Before him was a strong sea-chest, the contents of which he was turning out to | demanded suddenly. "Confound my stuthe air. Piece by piece he shook out the clothes which filled the chest and laid them on the floor. There slipped from the pocket of a heavy coat, which he had not had on since he had come to the coast, a large-sized photograph of a woman. He saw it fall, and picked it from the floor, giving out a whistle of surprise. As often as he had turned the contents of the chest out he had not come across the photograph before, nor had he known it was there. It must have been put into the pocket of the coat with design for him to find it there, and with a contemptuous smile at the thought he threw the photograph on the heap of clothes, not bestowing a second glance at the likeness of the face depicted in it. It was a face sweetness itself to look upon, and yet a sorrowful face, with a wistful look in the large dark eyes that was calculated to touch the heart of any man. The half-figure of the girl was plainly yet most neatly dressed in black, and with the little head and its clustering dark curls showed daintily against the background of the photograph, which, not having been exposed, retained its freshness. Hill replaced his clothes in the chest. He had finished, and he took up the likeness, and was about to throw it into the chest, when he was startled by a large hand closing over his wrist, and looking up, he saw old Turcan standing behind him.

"May I look at that?" said the old man quickly.

"What, the photograph?"

Old Turcan took it, and held it tenderly in both palms, and stood gazing at it as if he could not see enough of the face, and yet with infinite surprise and wonder in his look. He passed a hand over his eyes. He could not believe what they showed him. It was the face he had dreamt of, which had been pictured in his mind's eye. It was it! He strove to recollect every detail of the face, and his memory confirmed the resemblance. Yet he could not tell when or where he had seen a face like it, but then the days when he had seen white women were far off and

"What is the matter?" asked Hill, and at the sound of his voice the old man

started.

"It is a beautiful face," he said softly. He would not tell he knew it. "Where

did you get this?"

"Get it? Oh, it was given to me," answered Hill in an off-hand manner after a slight hesitation. "Why d'ye ask?" he perplexed wonder, but he said nothing.

pidity in letting him see it," he muttered to himself.

"She is not happy?" questioned old Turcan.

"Oh, you think not? I should like to know why."

"I do not know, only I think so." He drew a long breath. "Who is it?" and he waited for the answer.

For some moments Hill did not reply. He was anything but pleased at himself for allowing old Turcan to see the photograph, but the old man had been too quick for him.

"It is my sister," he said at last slowly, with hesitation, and held out his hand.

But old Turcan did not relinquish the photograph. Instead, he moved round in front of Hill, where he could have a good look at his face, and bade him hold up his head. Hill had not bargained for this, and a faint color came into his pale cheeks. Old Turcan took a steady look at him, and said, " If there is a likeness it is faint now, my lad. I should not have known you for brother and sister."

"No, we were never considered alike; Nell was a beauty." He could have bit

his tongue for saying her name.

"Was!" exclaimed old Turcan. "Is! She is quite young, Hill," he went on tenderly, looking at the photograph. "Her face, I say, is sad. Has she known much trouble of any kind?"

" Hum — yes."

"She ought not to have known any." "Ah, we can't help that," and Hill held out his hand again for the photograph.

Old Turcan drew it away. "I hope you

are good to her."

"I?" returned Hill, startled at the question. "Oh, I — I do my best; but I have

been unlucky, you know."
Old Turcan believed what he said, but he did not give him back the photograph. He carried it to a shelf on the wall, and placed it there beside a large sea-glass. Then, to the younger man's astonishment, he walked many times to and fro before the likeness, stopping every time before Hill ventured to ask for it.

"It deserves to be better treated than to be thrown in among your clothes," replied the old man; "will you give it to

me?"

"You admire it?"

Without reply old Turcan coolly took the photograph away with him into his bedroom.

Hill's eyes followed him with a look of

During the rest of that Sunday he more than once caught sight of old Turcan, through the half-open door of his room, gazing earnestly at the photograph. The cabooka of ivory, which at one time would have occupied his talk, he hardly spoke about. Could it be that he had taken a fancy to the girl's likeness? At the thought a scowl came over Hill's face.

On the second day, being the Tuesday, old Turcan came to him at an odd hour, as he sat watching the still vexed sea, and said hesitatingly: "Look here, Hill—your sister," and his voice trembled. "She is not married?"

"Married!" echoed Hill, and hesitated before answering so simple a question. Indeed, he looked as if he much wished to shirk a reply. But the old man's eyes were looking straight into his, and so clearly. "No," he answered slowly, "she is not married."

A look of unmistakable relief came over the old man's face. "Do you think," said he, laying his hands on the younger man's shoulders, "do you think she would marry me?" Hill fell back a pace or two; he saw the old man was in earnest. "You said, 'Give a woman a chance.' Will she take the chance if I give it to her?"

The matter was becoming complicated. "You said she had known trouble," went on old Turcan quickly, "that you had been unlucky and unable to do all you would for her. I take it, my lad, she is not so comfortable that she would not think of coming out to this coast, though it is so lonely, and to me who have been more so - speak, man, won't you?" and he shook Hill hard.

"How can I tell? What d'ye mean, Turcan?" said Hill, trying to free himself from the old man's grip. "I—I did say she had known trouble, but I didn't say

through me," he added.

"Through whom then?" demanded old Turcan anxiously.

"Her husband."

Old Turcan's hands fell to his sides and he staggered back. "Why, man, why you said - " he began.

"She is a widow."

"A-ah!" A long sigh of relief came from the old man. He comprehended at once the fact of the girl's being a widow being favorable to him. He murmured to himself, "She will not think it so strange of me."

"What do you think of it?" he asked of his intended brother-in-law.

" I have nothing to do with it," muttered Hill.

"Yes, you can do so much for me, my lad," returned old Turcan softly. "As her brother you can put what I want of her before her. You can say Africa is not so bad as they say it is, that I am not so very old, nor so ugly - it is a matter of fancy, isn't it? - that I will do everything she wishes, that in a year she will be in England again. I will promise her that; and, hark ye, Hill, tell her I have made money; tell her that, will you? I have done well by you too, I will do better. Tell her that. Now, will you write to her?"

"No," cried Hill; "she -- " and he hesitated, "she has only lately lost her husband."

Old Turcan thought for a moment or two. "Did she love him?" he asked.

Again a curious look came into Hill's face. "I don't know."

" You will write? Where could I marry her? Perhaps at St. Paul de Loanda, before the consul, who -

"Stop! stop! you are going too quick-ly, old man," said Hill; "perhaps she will not come to you; who can say?"

"Ah, no one but herself. But you will write to her? Promise me that. Promise me!" almost fiercely.

"You must give me time to think of it."
"Nell, Nell," he repeated to himself, and turned away and left Hill to recover from his astonishment at the old man's awkward infatuation.

Old Turcan did not speak of the girl again that day. He framed the photograph with coral-crusted seaweed - pink, white, and purple sprays, which he picked up on the beach, and hung it on the bare white wall of his bedroom.

The interval gave Hill time to think. First, the girl whom he had said was his sister was not his sister, but his own wife.

He had to deny her because he had come out to Africa and into old Turcan's

employ as a single man.

A scoundrel at heart, but clever, with good address, he had, in the old country, robbed the great firm of London jewellers by whom he had been trusted. They had not prosecuted for reasons of their own. After that, in another situation, he had pretended to lose an open cheque, which had been given to him to be cashed, but which he had in reality conveyed to the hands of a betting man and publican to whom he owed money. The publican swore he had given value for the cheque to a third party who had owed him a small sum and who disappeared after receiving the balance of the cheque. The drawers of the cheque paid it, having no alternative, and not being able to find the third his wife, he might dispense with his little man, but they dismissed the loser of their

Ned Thorburn, for that was Hill's real name, now cast in his lot, but in secret, with the man into whose hands he had played, and went from bad to worse, until a time came when he wished to quit the country to avoid the law. He saw in a Liverpool paper the advertisement of a firm of African merchants who required an assistant on the African coast, and he thought he could be nowhere safer than out on that solitary seaboard. He applied for the situation under a false name. As the firm who wanted a man for their constituent, old Turcan, were, after the custom of African firms, by no means particular as to whom they took, provided they got a man cheap, he obtained the situa-tion by means of forged references, and sailed in a trading brig. He deserted his young wife, who knew nothing of where he had gone, though he had known very well where she was.

As he sat thinking thousands of miles from her, this idea flashed across his ready brain. What if anything could be made of the situation? Could old Turcan be induced to send her money? Could he, Ned Thorburn, persuade her that her husband had sent it to her, so as to make her accept it? She would not spend it if he told her to keep it as a nest-egg for him when he would return repentant to her. Oh, she would be sure enough to do so, she would be so happy to hear of What might be the largest sum old Turcan could be induced to send to her? A hundred pounds? To fit her out and pay for her passage to come out to him as a bride - and she would never leave England, and he chuckled. Old Turcan ought to send more, he was so in love with the photograph, and Hill chuckled again at the thought of it. But what if old Turcan wrote to her? He would do

- a love-letter.

Why, Ned Thorburn always took the letters on board the mail-boat when she called at the point, and he could destroy any letter. But when could he get away himself after that? Some time before letters could come from England. He could get an order out of old Turcan on a Portuguese house for what pay was due to him, or the most part of it, and on some excuse steal away down the coast in launch or boat, and so in secret on board the Portuguese mail for Lisbon, when it touched

coast; or, if old Turcan proved liberal to salary and take French leave of the old man. He would be allowed away for a time if he feigned sickness; he was sure

The more he considered his scheme the more feasible it looked. It was original. There was this: old Turcan had as good as promised him the charge of the factory in a year. But, ach! he was sick of the life. The restlessness of his temperament was upon him, urging him to change.

He thought he was wasting with nothing but the sea and the land about him and the bright sky over him, and he yearned, even at the risk of his liberty, for the excitement or the temptations of the great city when he had money. Again he speculated on the amount old Turcan might send his wife -- "Ola! Ola!" shouted the watchman in his lookout on the highest part of the point. "Ola! Ola!" again cried the watchman, and Hill knew that something was in sight, and, casting aside his thoughts, sprung to his feet. He looked out seawards, shading his face with his hands. He made out the masts and spars of a large steamer which was coming down the coast, though still a long way off. He waved his hand to the watchman, to show he saw the vessel. It was the first he had seen for a month, and he watched it in silence, until old Turcan came running out on to the verandah.

"Why didn't you call me, Hill? Why didn't you call me?" he cried. "It's the English mail!" and he ran for his seaglass. "Will she come to us?" he asked,

levelling the glass.

But his hands, strange to say, shook so that he could not steady the glass, and he handed it to Hill.

"Does she stand in?" asked the old man, opening the box on the verandah in which the signal flags were kept, and hauling them out one by one until he stood in the midst of a heap of them.

"I can't tell yet, sir," replied Hill maliciously. "She is coming in, I think," he

"Yes, yes," cried old Turcan, reaching for his glass.

"No! she is standing on."

"Clear away the signal halliards!" shouted old Turcan, running down the verandah steps and across the yard with the flags bundled in his arms. He bent on the house-flag and the signals that he had cargo to ship. A man hoisted them in due time. When the steamer was at Bambriz, some fifty miles down the nearly abreast of the point, up went the return," she said, and without lessening her speed stood on her way to her furthest port, whence she would return on her

homeward voyage.

Old Turcan came back to the factory disappointed. He had no cargo to ship, but he had wisned to stop the steamer in the case, as sometimes happened, something might prevent her calling on her return voyage. Hill waited for him on the verandah. The old man called him into the house as he passed him.

"My lad," said he, "write that letter that letter to your sister. I have no patience till I see it done. I am in earnest,

"Was that why you would stop the

steamer?" asked Hill.

"Yes, I thought you would write the letter, and I could get it on board. It will be better to have it written."

Old Turcan was acting as he had never before acted in his life. He was losing his head. "Now was the time to clinch the matter," thought Hill. It was a risk, but on the instant he made up his mind.

"Well," said he slowly, "there's very little use in writing for any girl - for Nell, I mean - to come out here when she has no money to come with."

"Shall I send her an order to the agents in Liverpool?" asked old Turcan simply. He suspected nothing yet.

"You are very generous, sir."
"It is because I think so much of her. How much should I send to her? You know better than I."

"I think so - two hundred pounds?" Hill had pitched the amount as high as he dared, but he was at once sorry he had not asked for more. "Then there is the passage," he added sharply; "say another

fifty.'

"Two hundred and fifty in all," said old Turcan. "Now write that letter, my lad. I have not thought it possible she may not come to me," he added, "but in that case, if she will not come -

"In that case," said Hill, grasping the old man's hand, "in that case I will repay to you every farthing of what you advance to her. It shall be a debt of mine, which I shall work my fingers off to repay to you. I know it will take time to do so; my screw - salary is not sufficient to allow it to be done quickly, but it shall be done, Turcan. What you send to my sister is only a present from me."

It flashed across his mind how his present protestations would match with the withdrawal of his salary when he should trembled again, and sitting down, slowly

answering signals: "No letters, cargo on | come to leave old Turcan; but then, of course, sickness would be his excuse.

But old Turcan would not hear of this offer, though it raised Hill in his estimation. He said he could afford to give the money, in fact, to the girl he wished to make his wife. He had a meaner thought - that the gift might influence her decision in his favor. "But I depend on you, Hill, I do," he said, as he returned the younger man's grip with his sailor's

"What a fool he is!" thought Hill, and responded warmly, "I do not know any one I would rather see her married to,

Old Turcan got out paper, pen, and ink, and placed them before his prospective brother-in-law, and sat himself down at the table, with elbows on it, shading his eyes with his hands, and watched him. Then Hill found he could not pen a word with old Turcan looking so intently at To write such a letter as the old man wished him to write, to make a falsehood appear truth, was impossible so long as the victim of his treachery was before him. He implored him to go away. After he was gone, Hill managed to write a letter. He as carefully made out an order for two hundred and fifty pounds, payable to Mrs. Edward Thorburn. He called the old man from where he walked on the verandah casting at every turn wistful glances through the windows.

Old Turcan took the letter with hands that trembled, and read and re-read each word of it, for he could only read slowly. But it seemed good, very good to him, as it certainly was highflown. "You are clever, lad," he said; "you have written all you can for me, more than I should have dared to say for myself. I hope she may not be disappointed," and he sighed again. His earnestness was almost com-

ical.

"Not she, I warrant; not when she sees you, old man," returned Hill, with

concealed malice.

"And there is no danger in her coming, no danger to herself," went on old Turcan. "The salt breezes blow all fever back before it reaches us. If I had not known that, if I thought there was dan-

" If I thought there was danger, do you think I should let her come?" interrupted Hill virtuously. " No, not that she might marry the richest man on the coast, and

that's not you."

Old Turcan took the pen in a hand that

wrote his name, "John Turcan," in big | it there glinted in the sun's rays the spearblack letters across the foot of the letter, below where Hill had written neatly,

"Your lover."

Hill took the letter from him and slipped the order before him. If old Turcan had looked at Hill he might have detected the momentary gleam of cunning and greed that crossed his face. But the unsuspicious and love-sick old man read the order slowly through. The letter referred to his sending the money as a gift; and he signed the order, and asking for the letter, folded the order in it, and told Hill to put both into an envelope and address it.

Old Turcan read the address on the envelope and put the letter into his pocket. Then, with the writing of the letter his shyness seemingly being past, he put question after question to Hill regarding Nell, and got answer after answer invented, until the scoundrel was glad when the old man went away into his room.

That night Hill lay on his bed concocting in his mind the terms of the letter he intended sending to the girl who was his wife, saying he sent the money to her. A painted canvas partition divided his room from old Turcan's, and through it, as he lay still, he heard the old man repeating over and over to himself the words of the false letter that had been written, and he chuckled to himself, and at last, turning over, dismissed every thought from his mind, as he had the knack of doing, and

went smoothly to sleep.

It was grey light of early morning, hastening fast into broad daylight, when he was awakened by the "knock, knock" of the staff of the honest headman, Antonio Bowman, on his door. He heard the negro shout, "Little master, cabooka live for come! One time, little master, live for come!" He also heard old Turcan already stirring, and jumping up he threw a trade-blanket over his sleeping-suit and came out of his room. Old Turcan was at the door of the house, and both men, followed by Antonio Bowman, at once set out for the lookout, whence they could see all round them. The sea was still white with the breakers of the calemma, which roared in an ominous undertone. But the men turned their backs upon the waves and gazed landward over the silent country, on which a mist lay white and heavy. native town, a path worn through the long man's shoulders. Suddenly, at a point in or not, in the scene of apparent confusion,

heads and sword-blades of the leading men of a company of bushmen making for a ford on the river. This was the cabooka arriving, and as the men of it drew near a line of heavy, smooth, black elephants' tusks appeared like linked dots above the grass. Each tusk was lashed to a stout bamboo and carried on the shoulders of two men. In front and rear. and beside the bearers of the tusks, marched the protectors and proprietors of the cabooka.

These were quickly joined from a side path by the chief men of several native towns, who darted from one to another of

the strangers.

When the men of the cabooka reached the river bank and caught a full sight of the factory, they shook their spears and shouted, they rushed forward with all their remaining vigor and dashed into the water and streamed up the opposite bank at the foot of the cliff.

Old Turcan roughly counted the number of the tusks as they came swaying up the path, and found it to be fifty in all.

He turned to the factory and threw open the large doors of the cargo-room, and set his krooboys to knock the hoops off bales of cloth, and open cases of muskets, and roll forward puncheons of rum. The loosened bales were thrown piece by piece on the shelves that ran round the room, and added to the piles of stuffs already upon them. The muskets were stacked, and a great brass tap was knocked

into a puncheon.

This had been scarcely done when the leading files of the cabooka appeared in the yard, which was quickly alive with the bushmen and their followers and friends, to the number of perhaps two hundred, the former grunting with satisfaction as they laid the tusks of ivory in a line on the sand. The chief men of the cabooka were then taken by Antonio Bowman into the cargo-room and shown all the goods it contained. After this a matabicho (a drink of rum) was poured out for every

The oldest and most wary men of the cabooka were drafted to the front, and a start was made to trade for a prime tusk.

Old Turcan bought it, and before many minutes the news of the bargain made was As the sun rose and dried it up, they made out the narrow path that led from the further bank of the river to the nearest man after black man, high and low, slave, trader, and hunter, crowded into the cargrass, for the most part as high as a tall go-room and took a part, whether by right

in the shouting and stamping, in the muttered threats of dissatisfaction, with arms waved in the air, and butt-ends of weapons brought down hard on the wooden floor. But good humor prevailed over bad humor on the whole, and every now and then at some joke of old Turcan's, duly translated by the willing Bowman, the negroes' hoarse roar of laughter would circle round the room. And it was in a heat that was stifling and in an air that was positively heavy with the stench of naked bodies, roughened by exposure and caked with dirt, that the two white men labored away, each at his desk and Ibalance, old Turcan working with a thought of the girl Nell flitting now and again through his old head, and Hill active and smart in the wish to keep the old man pleased and unsuspicious.

At last the daylight failed them, and they stopped, and the natives were gradually driven out of the cargo-room.

Though there had been many a hard bargain, when neither black man nor white man would yield, nearly the whole of the cabooka had been passed in, and old Turcan surveyed the lot and pronounced it all prime ivory, weighing at least forty-five pounds a tusk and worth ten shillings a pound in Liverpool. The negroes of the cabooka spread themselves in groups over the surface of the top of the cliff, and where each group squatted the light of their fires quickly twinkled. The leading men were taken into the huts in the There news came to them that when they had finished their "chop" (meal) they were to assemble in the big room of the white man's house to be entertained by him to whatever they chose-to

One by one they walked into the room and squatted in a circle. They were a grotesque-looking set of men as the lamplight shone upon their dark skins, sparkling on the brass armlets, and on the necklets of beads, coral, and stones they wore, and on the hilts and blades of the swords and machets stuck in their grassmat loin-cloths.

They were in number twenty, and then some of the men of lesser consequence remained on the verandah, and peered in at the doorway. The men were of all sizes and shades, some tall and fairly wellfeatured for negroes, others stunted, strong, and hideous, and all wearing their wool greased, twisted, and skewered into fanciful shapes. Some had never seen the inside of a white man's house, and

others had never been to the seacoast. but all appreciated the white man's liquor, which was the square-face gin.

Old Turcan poured gin out from the square-faced bottles, and Hill lounged on a chair. Inspired by the liquor, a negro rose from the floor, amid the applause of the rest, and made a speech in his dialect, which old Turcan took to mean returning thanks to the white man. Another negro followed, and another, and another, until all would speak. Among them a small man, hitherto hidden in the shadow of the table, jumped up. The uproar and confusion of voices increased at the sight of him, but he paid no attention, and in his vehemence and determination to be heard screeched shrilly and threw up his hands. As he did so, Hill from his chair saw hanging on the man's chest a half-circle of uncut, sparkling, crimson-colored stones, each enclosed in a tiny net bag of fine, silklike thread, by which it was joined to the rest, the ends being twisted into a slender cord. Hill rose, leant across the table and looked steadily at the stones. The native thought the white man was gazing at him, and was surprised into silence. Hill stretched his arm across the table and seized the necklet. The man drew back. In a moment there was a roar of voices from the bushmen, who started to their feet. Before they could interfere the string which joined the stones broke, and they remained in Hill's clenched hand. Old Turcan came between him and the bushmen, who had their hands on their knives. But Hill, regardless of the negroes, examined the stones again and again with greedy eyes that looked as if they would leap out of their sockets.

"What do you want with that trumpery, you fool, Hill?" shouted old Turcan. "Give the man his necklace; you will

have us all tied up!"

Hill's answer was to tear with his teeth some of the fine network that covered the stones, and it was lucky that as he did so the broad table was between him and some of the negroes. Old Turcan, aghast, kept them back by main force, while Antonio Bowman told them the white master did but admire what he saw.

"Do you know what they are?" asked Hill at last, looking up, with his hands clenched over the stones. "They are rubies! and worth more than diamonds! Rubies! and stones of size and color, as I'm a living man. Rubies! I pledge my word to you for it. Look at them! look at them! look at the color, the size of the their eyes rolled in their astonishment, beauties, every one of them to the ends, twenty-eight in all!" and he showed stone after stone until he came to a lovely one in the centre of the necklet. His eyes were ablaze, his lips quivered, every muscle was strained, the stones gleamed redly through his trembling fingers. Old Turcan gazed dumbfounded. He had never seen such stones on the coast before; yet they might well belong to the strange interior, which no white man knew anything about in all the years that were past.

"How do you know what they are?" he

"Hush, hush," replied Hill, "we are too anxious before the niggers. must buy these stones, I tell you. It's the chance of a lifetime."

"You know as much about them as I

do."

"I know everything, you nothing. I have been in the trade. I call myself an expert; I am not wrong about them; I know my judgment; I will buy them my-

"No," returned old Turcan, "I will buy them on your advice," and he turned towards the men, who under the persuasion of Antonio Bowman had remained quiet while the two white men "palavered."

"I discovered them," broke in Hill, "I am entitled to them. I will have them!"

He was beside himself.

Old Turcan looked at him. "If I get them," he said coolly, "I will send them to the Liverpool agents and have them tested, and if they are what you say they are, you shall have half of their value for discovering them. That will be fair, I take it - half of what they will fetch."

Hill knew that, if old Turcan chose, he could refuse to give him a single musket or a yard of cloth wherewith to buy the

If he had only tried to buy them secretly! but in his utter surprise at seeing such things on a black fellow he had

spoken out.

"Yes," he said, and old Turcan took the string of stones from his reluctant hands. Old Turcan returned it to the bushman to show that the white man did not wish to "thief" his necklet, and asked the men, through Antonio Bowman, to sit down again. He called for a fresh matabicho. The bushmen squatted slowly one by one, except the owner of the necklet, who stood sullenly by mending with a piece of grass taken from his loincloth the network that kept the stones together. Then he defiantly threw the necklet round his neck and knotted the ends of it. The gems hung again a sparkling half-circle on his the bushman had spoken the truth? -

breast, and Hill never took his eyes off them. He would have murdered the man to get them, so sure was he of their value. But old Turcan, like a wary trader, said nothing of the stones, but passed the ginbottle round without a measure, and gradually the men began to talk and laugh, and before long had forgotten about the quarrel, and were again full of speeches and good-humor. Even the owner of the necklet grinned once. Then old Turcan sidled up to him cautiously, looking over his shoulder at him, and retreating several times, pretending to be very frightened of him. At this performance the other men roared with laughter. Old Turcan patted the man tenderly and stroked him down. He now lifted the stones gently in his hands, and examined them quietly, the man gazing hard at him in silence.

"Whence come these stones as red as blood?" asked old Turcan aloud through Antonio Bowman. Bowman put the question to the bushman, who pointed with outstretched arm to signify "afar off." Then his comrades, becoming curious as to the reason of the white man's curiosity, asked him to say where and how he had got the stones. The man hesitated, looked round, saw nothing to alarm him, and began. He spoke fast, fingering the gems, while all the negroes listened like so many children. It appeared, as translated by Antonio Bowman, that the bushman had found, many moons ago, when hunting in a great forest, a black man whose language he knew not. The black man was not like any of the men of the country he was in, which itself was strange and far away, many moons of travel beyond San Sal-

The black man was weak and faint, so that he could not have gone further. The bushman took him for a slave. But he did not live long, for he had come too far and was too sick to live. Before the black man died he loosened a strip of skin he wore over his loins, and the bushman took it off him, and found sewed in between two pieces of skin the stones, which he removed with the point of his knife. His women made the necklet which held them together. Yes, the black man he had found was small and different from any he had seen. Yes, he had come from much further away than the bushmen had ever hunted. No, not from the great rivers from the south. No, no one knew what the stones were, only that they were red and gave fire sometimes.

Old Turcan thought. Was it possible

that the black man he had spoken of had really existed, had been a native of some unknown stretch of country to the illimitable south? Had he come from a land whose valleys and surfaces had precious stones in them? Had the strange black man found the stones, or had he stolen them, and escaped with them, or, as was possible, were such stones ornaments among his people, and had he fled for other reasons? Had he been the victim of witch doctor or fetich-man?

Whichever way it was the bushman could tell no more, and all his comrades professed complete ignorance of any land where such red stones could have come

from.

Old Turcan was now determined to buy them.

"What are they worth?" he whispered to Hill.

"There are twenty-eight stones in all," answered Hill, "and the centre stone and three on each side of it are magnificent. Two thousand pounds as they are."

Old Turcan caught at his breath. He had thought that the stones, if genuine, might be worth a hundred or two hundred pounds at the most. He did not believe they were worth more.

"Nonsense, you are deceived in them,

man."

"Let me buy them then. They are worth more than two thousand. Let me buy them, eh? I tell you I know stones as well as you know money. For heaven's sake, don't lose the chance of them!" exclaimed Hill, in agony at the thought of losing them.

There was no doubting his belief in their value. The man was mad with ex-

citement.

Old Turcan turned towards Antonio Bowman. "Bowman," said he, "ask the bushman softly softly if he will sell those stones he took from the slave who died in the bush."

But when the bushman was asked the question he naturally became cautious. He shook his head so hard that the stones flashed again in the lamplight.

No, he would not sell them.

"Of what use were the red stones to him?" asked Antonio Bowman softly softly. "Of what use were they to the white man?" returned the bushman. "They made fetich for white woman," said old Turcan through Bowman, stretching a point, and consoling himself with the reflection that, as he had heard, there was just a bit of truth in what he said.

The negroes all cried "Ha!" and the

that the black man he had spoken of had bushman looked down at the stones with really existed, had been a native of some something of suspicion.

The men were all terribly superstitious.
"Were the stones which were fetich
for the white woman not fetich for the
black woman?" he asked, recovering
himself.

Old Turcan denied it, "White man give plenty cloth, plenty guns, plenty powder, for fetich for white woman," he added slyly.

The black man thought. "How can

fetich for white woman belong for country for black man?" he asked. "Far away beyond black man country live white man," answered old Turcan through Antonio Bowman. "Same coun-

try, but white man live there."

At this the astonishment of the bushmen was great. Whether they believed old Turcan or not, they asked, through Antonio, question after question concerning this country, to which old Turcan replied as well as he could, having in his mind the territories to the far north of the Cape, and always edging in a few words to the purpose, that he would give plenty of guns, plenty of powder, plenty of cloth, for the stones.

This had its effect. Negroes will sell anything, and the bushman knew his comrades coveted guns, powder, and cloth for themselves, and they might make little of catching him and taking the stones from

him.

And was it not better to be rid of that which was fetich for white woman and not for black man for good guns, and powder, and cloth, even though he should have to give up some of them to his comrades? He took the necklet off, and holding it out in his hands, asked how many guns, how much powder and how much cloth the white man would give for it.

All listened with intense interest.
"Ten guns, twenty men, twenty parts," sung out old Turcan at once, meaning ten muskets, twenty large kegs of gunpowder, and two hundred and forty yards of cloth

of the coast.

The bushman cried out no, his friends ditto. Then followed the usual bargaining, which Hill, pale with anxiety, tried to cut short. But old Turcan went on with it, and eventually succeeded in obtaining the stones for eight guns, sixteen men, and sixteen parts, with the promise of a great "dash" or present on "top," for which he gave a "book." The bushman handed the stones over and old Turcan put them in his pocket.

Great was Hill's relief. Two thousand

pounds worth of rubies for ten pounds | value was a bargain not often made in a lifetime. He jumped up; he gave the bushmen more gin; he gently urged them out of the room, and when he had seen them go out into the darkness he returned, to find that old Turcan had disappeared into his bedroom with the stones. Ha! the old man meant to keep the stones and to dispose of them, he reflected bitterly, and sat down to think this over. quickly saw that old Turcan's agents in Liverpool would not be likely to dispose or the stones to advantage. What did they, ordinary merchants, know of the value of such precious things? Nothing. He knew how much depended on the salesman. Of the thousand pounds and more, maybe half as much more, which he was persuaded should come to him, perhaps not more than two-thirds or a half would be available if the stones were sold anyhow and by any one. It was galling to think of the possibility of it, and he quite unable to prevent it. Could old Turcan not be induced to let him go home and take the stones with him and sell them in London or on the Continent? Or could he get clear away on board the steamer with them and the order for two hundred and fifty pounds? Two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds! The thought of it, as it flashed upon him, made his heart stand still a moment.

He believed in it at once. That which had prevented him from going off with the smaller sum was not sufficient to prevent him from absconding with the larger. Thank Heaven! there was no cable. He could risk the chance of the steamer being signalled to stop, and the gun fired from the shore before she was out of sight and sound. He could spike the gun and destroy the proper signals; to do both would be easy. The chest in which the signals were kept was never locked. Though he knew this well enough, he rose and went out on to the verandah to try the lock of the chest. When he had satisfied himself he looked seaward, and was conscious that the calemma was rising. Over the whole of the open bay the sea was again continuously white. The thunder of the larger breakers was unceasing. In this he only recognized the better chance he had of getting on board without giving suspicion. Old Turcan would never face such a surf with the rubies, and once he, Hill, was on board he could send the boat on shore with a message that the sea was too bad for him to venture to return, and to send a hammock and men to the next there was the chance that old Turcan

point, fifty miles off, where the steamer touched, whence he could return by land.

This he had done once before. He reckoned it would throw old Turcan off his guard. To manipulate the signals and the gun was not necessary. It was as simple as possible, and the old fellow was too full of belief in him and of thoughts of Nell to be very suspicious.

As he thought of all this, he reached in his walk the end of the verandah in front of the house. From a side window, which was the window of old Turcan's room, he saw a light streaming. Curious to know what the old man was about with the rubies - for he doubted not he already had them out of their rude setting - he crept off the verandah on to the sand. He went silently along the side of the house.

He peered in at the window through the venetian shutters. He saw old Turcan seated at his table writing laboriously. The rubies were there, but the old man had thrust them aside, and they lay uncared for, shining in the lamplight. From a happy look that came over the old man's face as he paused for rest and a breath, Hill guessed to whom he was writing, and what, and he muttered an oath at the old

Then in the dark he crept away to bed. Daybreak showed the steamer lying off the point, arrived to an hour. Old Turcan resolved to try to get his cargo off to her. He knew his boats were strong and sound, and their crews of Cabinda men skilful and stout, and they had never had an accident.

He would have to wait another month if he missed the opportunity. The men of the cabooka, too, agreed to remain without their goods until the steamer had gone. Then all the men of the factory set to work to get the ivory carried down to the beach, encouraging one another by pretended astonishment at the quantity of it, as they brought it forth tusk by tusk, and by self-made promises of big drinks when all should have left the shore.

Old Turcan took to himself the charge of seeing the tusks duly numbered and sent off from the factory, and he ordered Hill to see that they were re-counted and stowed in the boats, which lay on the beach, with their high prows touching the

Hill lingered at the house as long as he dared in the hope that old Turcan would hand him his letters to take on board according to custom. But the old man kept them, and Hill recognized that after all might take them off to the steamer himself.

He went down to the beach with a heavy heart.

As boat after boat went off laden, and returned in safety through the still increasing surf, and as the time drew near when his fate and that of the rubies would be decided, Hill's anxiety increased until he resolved that, come what might, he would prevent old Turcan from going off to the steamer, even if he had — what? To murder him? He thought the words as he saw the boat with the last load of ivory but one make its way through the seas towards the steamer.

It would be some time before it returned to the shore, and he climbed up to the factory, resolved and collected.

When he got to the top of the cliff he saw old Turcan on the very sea edge of it, watching the boat.

What if he took the old man unawares and threw him over the edge? He might have the rubies on him. Hill went into the house and looked at the table on which the letters were usually left for him, but of course they were not there. The door of old Turcan's room stood open. Hill entered the room on the faint chance of finding the letters in it. There was no sign of them. He turned in the direction of the old mahogany medicine-chest of the factory, which stood in a dark corner of the room. He stole softly across the floor towards the chest, threw it open, and looking about to be sure no native saw him, ran his hand along the rows of bottles until stopped at a thick square one, which he pulled out of its socket. He knew it contained morphia.

He hid it in the breast of his jacket and closed the lid of the chest.

He was just in time. He saw old Turcan coming across the sand.

The two men confronted each other.
"I have come to see if the letters are ready for me. The next trip will be the last."

"Ay," replied old Turcan, "I see the boat has got off safe."

"The seas are very heavy, sir. It is a good thing nothing has gone wrong."

"I have faced worse. I am not afraid of them," answered the old man cheerily. "Nor I," said Hill. "Give me the letters, sir, and — and the stones, and I

will get ready to go off."

"No, Hill, I will take them off myself."

"You?"
"Yes."

The perspiration broke out on Hill's forehead in great drops.

"I have always done so," he said.

"I know, but this time I shall do it."
Then, noticing the look on Hill's face,
"My dear lad, don't think I don't trust
you. No, no, it's not that. It's—it's a
letter to your sister Nell, my lad. I have
written one, I will take it on board myself. I could not let any one else take it,
it would seem unlucky."

An oath nearly escaped from Hill's lips. "Let me go," he said. "It is too dangerous for you. You must think if anything were to happen to you. You must think of that now."

"On such a job I don't think I shall be in danger," returned old Turcan confidently. "Hark ye, my share of the stones is for her, and it's like taking it to her."

Hill's eyes sparkled with anger. "Have you told her so?"

"Yes."
Hill stepped back a pace. "Have you the stones upon you?"he asked.

"Yes, all safely stowed. I'll give them into the captain's charge addressed to our people, Bronson, Johns & Co. I have told them to have the stones valued and to sell them at best price. Here," and he drew from his breast-pocket a tiny package wrapped round with cloth, with the edges sewn together and sealed over.

Hill's gaze fastened on it, the gaze of a man who meant murder, and old Turcan put the package away in his pocket. "Are the letters in your pocket too,

sir?"
"Yes, wrapped in a piece of oilcloth."
"You have sent the order direct to—
Nell?"

"Yes."
At one end of the big table the usual late breakfast had been laid by the houseboys. "You had better have some breakfast at any rate, sir, before you go," said Hill, turning toward the table.

"I am too happy to eat this morning, my lad," answered old Turcan. "Look at my luck—at that ivory, those stones you think so much of, and of what I think so much of, my wife that is to be—your sister;" and he laid his hands on Hill's shoulders and turned him towards him. "And it's to you I owe her. I'll not forget you, my lad."

For his life, with that bottle of morphia in his pocket, Hill could not reply as old Turcan took his hand and wrung it

Turcan took his hand and wrung it.
"I will have a cup of coffee," he said.
"Tell one of the boys to bring it to me."

He turned and went into his room to don oilskins for the wet passage to the steamer.

Something shook Hill's nerve for a moment, but the necessity for action roused He clapped his damp hands to sum-

mon the boys.

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Two imps came, the one bringing the coffee, the other carrying two large breakfast-cups. He signed to them to put the cups and the coffee on the table and be off. The boys took themselves out of the room. He poured out with shaking hand nearly a cupful of the strong black coffee. He turned, and through the open door caught sight of old Turcan, with his back towards him, feeling in his pocket to make sure all was right there.

Quick as thought he whipped the vial of morphia from his pocket, and drawing the cork with his teeth, dashed as much as he guessed was half a wineglassful into the cup of coffee. He thrust the bottle back into his pocket, and added to the coffee from a decanter which stood on the table a glass of cognac, which old Turcan usually took with the coffee. He trusted to the cognac to disguise the drug, and to the drug to overpower the old man before

he could get down to the beach.

He filled up the other cup with coffee, and as he did so old Turcan came out of In spite of his command of himself, Hill's hand shook terribly as he handed the cup of coffee to the old man. To his infinite relief old Turcan asked him to go out to the edge of the cliff to see if the boat was anywhere near the shore. Hill stopped to drink his coffee, and he heard - for he dared not look he heard the old man swallow his cupful. Then Hill got quickly out of the factory. He hid himself behind one of the huts in the yard. He looked, and listened, and looked, but he did not see old Turcan leave the factory. All was quiet too. The bushmen were lying about in front of the huts on the opposite side of the yard, the servants were moving about in the galley. The report of a gun from the he. steamer roused him to action. He reentered the house. Old Turcan was not

What had become of him? Had he

reached the beach, after all?

Hill left the house and got across the yard as quietly and as swiftly as he could without attracting the notice of the men. He made his way to the shore, looking about him. The descent was by a rough footpath cut out of one side of the cliff. It was very steep, with sharp turnings at strong for Zouave, for the big patrao

LIVING AGE. VOL. LXV. 3339 two places between high rocks to bring it round to face the sea. In the first of these Hill found the old man lying.

Stupefied, unable to fight against the increasing power of the drug, he had staggered more and more slowly downward, had slipped at last and fallen, sliding swiftly down the path until he came to the turning, where his head had struck with force against the rock. Hill turned him on his back. He was deadly white and scarcely breathed. His stomach had rejected some of the poison. Without considering whether he would live or die now, Hill tore open his oilskin and coat and thrust both hands into both breast-pockets, and at once found in one the packet of letters and the little package of stones. Quick as thought Hill looked the letters over. One was open to receive the bill of lading for the ivory, another was the letter written by Hill to his wife, and in it Hill saw the order for two hundred and fifty pounds. The third was the old sailor's love-letter addressed to Mrs. Thorburn. Hill put all into his pocket. He turned and made for the beach.

The roar of the surf sounded louder and louder as he descended, but the sound was as music in his ears. He heeded not the look and weight of the curling, thundering breakers, plain before him at the last turn in the descent. All his thoughts were fixed on the rolling steamer far off.

A few minutes later the watchman from his lookout on the top of the cliff saw the solitary white man run across the beach as if some one pursued him, and he wondered at his haste. From the white man he looked across the waters to the steamer, and as he looked he saw seven long lines of breakers whiten across the bay, without a break where a boat might venture to pass, and before the last of them fell as many more took their places. He looked back on the dot of the boat on the foam-edged beach, and saw her crew gathered about her. "Ah, the little master will never leave the shore," thought Next he saw the little master among the boat-boys. "Aha! they are showing him the danger, they will not go." can see the big Zouave, the patrao of the boat, moving among the men and waving the little master back with one hand, while with the other he points towards the rolling ship and the big waves.

"Ha! Zouave the patrao is wise. All the teeth are safe, what need to go on board the fire-boat?"

But he saw the little master prove too

crowded past him and laid hold of her The watchman fancied he heard their shout in the air. "There will be plenty dashes [presents] of cloth, of rum, of gin, to each man of them," thought he, and for a moment wished he was one of the crew. But no, for in the next moment he looked seaward, over the great angry surf. They have the boat on the water. See! the boys with the man on the beach are waist deep, holding her stoutly with straining arms, bow on. The watchman sees Zouave carry the little master out in his arms, and he clambers into the sternsheets of the boat. The crew jump on board, the long oars are thrust out, and Zouave, standing erect at the stern, with his feet jammed against the converging sides of the boat, keeps her head straight with a long, steering oar. Then the heavy oars flash through the water, and the boat moves clear of the shore. Swish! as a breaker stops her, sending the white water over all. It is nothing, and on she goes, lifting her pointed stern as she leaps downwards, downwards. She rises again, she is fairly under weigh, facing the heavier seas as they hurl themselves at her. See! how often she is thrown into the air, then is buried deep in the white smother, from which she lifts herself inch by inch again and again, the boys straining at the oars with all their strength. She has yet to face the worst of the surf on the bar, where the seven seas pile themselves one upon the other, rushing in belts of foam away for miles. By-and-by she is well out and the watchman never takes his eyes off her as she nears the bar, whose waves, though they look no more than so much foam from where he is, he knows are moving mountains of fastbreaking water.

She springs the first, another comes rushing on her. For a moment he sees it towering over her bow. She lifts, lifts to it. Another comes; she swerves at it. Zouave fails to keep her straight, and in an instant she capsizes, the broken water pouring over her, and every man lost to sight. Another sea sends her rolling over

and over. She is gone!

The watchman stands aghast; then, with a cry and a leap comes tumbling down from the lookout. He lights on his feet, and runs towards the factory to tell the big master what has happened.

"Zouave, his crew, and the little master

lost out on the bar."

As he runs, he shouts to the men in the huts, and to the servants in the galley, and she dares not send her ship's boats

turned towards the boat, and his crew and they, knowing something is wrong. rise and haste after him, and arrive on the verandah as he enters the house.

> He knocks at the door of the big master's room, while all peer in at the outer doorway. Again the watchman knocks, and again there is no response. The big master sleeps, but he must be awakened. Antonio Bowman, hurrying up at the moment, thrust the watchman aside and knocks loudly with his staff.

> At this point loud cries come from the direction of the gate of the yard, a cluster of men enter through it, some run forward, others move slowly with some halfdozen who carry a heavy burden. This Antonio perceives through a window, and wonders at the cries of the men, not believing what they shout—"that the big master is killed, is dead!"

He catches sight of the white figure carried by the men, and he rushes out of the house. He passes through the crowd and sees the big master dead, as he believes. He stops the men and learns then how and where the big master was found. He beats his breast and cries aloud. But the big master still breathes, there is life in him yet, and he has him carried into the house and laid on his bed. His wound is not deep, but strange, he cannot be made to hear or speak. The men press into the room, and Bowman drives them out with his staff, laying about with it, and sends for his wives to come and attend the big master.

They come, running to the house, three in number, and all young women. They enter the room softly on their bare feet, and throwing their long white cloths free of their arms, draw off the white man's outer clothing and his boots, and chafe his hands and feet with their soft palms, and wipe away the blood, and damp his head and neck with water. They are silent, save for the soft clink of the many brass-wire bangles and anklets on their

shapely bare arms and ankles.

While the women do this the men troop to the edge of the cliff to try if they can catch sight of the capsized boat. Some get down to the beach again and scatter along At last the boat is spied, lying wedged among the rocks, wrecked and broken, with the seas pouring over her, but no living being or dead body is by her. The men continue to look at her, until a puff of smoke bursts from the side of the steamer, and the report of her gun comes again over the booming of the surf. The steamer's signals go up, but are unheeded. through such a sea. After a long wait she fires another gun, and she can stay no longer. The natives see her steam quickly away, and they think the factory is theirs to do what they like with for a month or more. So they return to it, the worst of them the most eager, but only to find that Antonio has sent for the king of the native town.

After two hours, during which the white man stirs not but still breathes, the king arrives with a score or so of followers, armed with muskets and machets, who, with great clatter and no little curiosity, take possession of the big house of the white man. The king takes his seat in

the white man's chair.

The king is encased in a faded scarlet military tunic, the tarnished brass buttons of which are nearly parting from the cloth. The gaping edges show his black skin. From under the skirt of the tunic hangs his loincloth of blue and white check cotton cloth, leaving his bare legs and feet free. A tall and battered black hat is perched on his wiry wool, which refuses to allow the hat to come over his head, so that an attendant behind has to jerk forward and prop the hat up when it falls too much one way or other. The king has huge rings of metal in his ears and on his wrists, and in his right hand he carries a rod tipped with a silver crucifix, with the figure of the Saviour upon it, the gift of Portuguese missionaries long ago.

The king lets it be known that if there is to be plunder he will have the direction of it, whereby he means the chief share of it, and in the mean time he forbids anything to be touched until the morning, when he shall be sure if the big master be alive or dead, and shall not be accountable for losses or for misdeeds done. But he cannot prevent even his own men from picking up trifles in the rooms when a

chance offers.

Antonio Bowman maintains that the big master will recover; but none of the men give help. They leave it to the women to do so, and squat about on the floor and verandah to wait events and a probable sweet opportunity.

The bushmen of the cabooka surround them, and are uneasy about the payment of their books for the value of their ivory.

The king opens with his own royal hand a case of gin which he has spied out, and he and his men help themselves, and the men in the crowd outside clamor for a share.

None think for a moment of the white man.

It is now far on in the day, and still old Turcan lies insensible, but breathing. The sun goes down on the calemma, and darkness sets in, and lamps are lit and brought into the rooms, and in their light the niggers steal about, less watchful since the king has become muddled with gin, and nods in the white man's chair, with his rod across his knees.

Antonio Bowman, for the twentieth time, seeks the big master's room. He takes one of the dishes of lighted rag floating in palm oil and passes it across the sick man's face. He peers into the sick man's

eyes.

"They are open! they follow the light!"

He peers again.

"Yes, they are open! He sees!" And Antonio gives one loud cry of surprise, and falls on his knees by the side of his master, who feebly closes his eyes again.

"Oh, come, come to the bed! Oh, come!" cries Antonio Bowman, "come to the bed of the big master! See, the big master lives! lives for well! Ha! ha!"

The women come to him. The king's men are told what has happened and lurch into the room, followed at last by the king, who steadies his steps with his staff stuck out on the floor well in front of him. They stare at the sick man in the yellow light, and their eyes wink and blink in it.

The sick man takes no notice of them, for his brain is sorely numbed by the effects of the drug. Presently Antonio Bowman gently lifts him, and one of the women brings a cupful of gin and puts it

to his lips.

He sips a little and sinks back.

Antonio clears the room of all but the king and the women.

Old Turcan owed to the strength and toughness of his constitution his gradual release from the effects of the opiate.

His brain became clearer in spite of his sense of intense weakness and nausea.

By-and-by he whispered to Antonio Bowman, and tried to question him. He failed, but tried again and again, and at last comprehended of the loss of the surf-boat, of Hill, and of all the crew but two men who had got to shore, one of whom was Zouave the patrao.

Gradually he realized how great a scoundrel his assistant had been, for he bade Antonio feel for the letters and the rubies,

and they were gone.

That death should have come to him who stole them, and cared not if he committed murder to do so, seemed almost the thief was the brother of Nell.

It was daylight before old Turcan recovered sufficient strength to move and keep his feet, and he only did so with the help of the faithful Antonio Bowman, on whose arm he leant. He got to the door of the house and looked out. The empty waste of sea had calmed much, showing lesser breakers.

"If the lad had only told me what was in his mind I would have forgiven him, and given him anything for his sister's sake. He has sacrificed his life to his dishonesty," groaned old Turcan, and sank into a chair, faint and dazed.

But he gathered more and more strength, and bade Antonio Bowman send men all along the beach to search for the bodies, which he knew would sooner or

later be cast up by the sea.

Then he got rid of the king and his men, who had not stirred, and who pretended to be mighty delighted at his recovery, and he pacified the bushmen with offers of payment on the morrow, after which he waited for the return of the

messengers.

The women brought him fowl soup, which he drank greedily. Late in the day a messenger arrived with the news that three bodies had come ashore, one being that of the little master. Feeling much stronger, the old man got into his hammock and was carried down to the beach. The bearers, once down the steep pathway, sped along the wet sand by the edge of the waves, Antonio Bowman and the messenger leading. Presently they came in sight of a group of negroes clustered round something lying on the sand.

When the bearers stopped old Turcan alighted, and pushing the negroes aside, found lying before him on its back the naked body of Hill. It had been cruelly beaten by the waves and ground against

the sand.

Among the negroes stood the king, and old Turcan demanded of him who had stripped the body. The king protested he knew not. Many men not of his own town would do such a thing, but not his own people. He would try to find the thieves, but the little master had come ashore hours past, and no one had seen him except as he was. It was true, it was a pity! What would the big master give to punish the thieves?

All the negroes about the king protested the king had spoken the truth.

Old Turcan turned from him, knowing

just to the old man, yet he remembered | been stripped by him, and all on it smuggled away. But he knew there was no way of recovering anything but by making it worth the king's while to return it.

He bade Antonio Bowman wrap the body up in a blanket taken from the hammock and have it carried to the house.

So Ned Thorburn, alias Hill, was carried back to the factory from which he had tried to escape, and was buried near

Week after week passed, and old Turcan waited and urged the king to search for the missing stones and the letters. The clothes the dead man had on when drowned were brought forth piece by piece by the natives, but the rubies, the order, and the letters were not in the pockets.

They never came to light, and whether they had dropped from the body into the sea, or had been taken by the natives, remained a mystery to the lonely old

sailor.

Of the relationship that had existed between the dead man and Nell he also remained in ignorance, until one day he received a letter from his agents in Liverpool, to whom he had written asking them to find out the dead man's sister and to break the news of the disaster to the boat to her.

When old Turcan discovered that the young girl he had so fallen in love with was not a sister but a widow, he was truly

astounded.

The man's blood was not in her veins, thank Heaven! was his first thought. That she had been his wife, poor girl, was

her misfortune.

After a time he resolved to go to her. Having once resolved on it, so impatient did he become that he could hardly wait for the arrival of the two Portuguese whom he had engaged to keep the factory open in his absence, and who came but slowly down the coast, wind and tide being against them.

At last he handed the charge of the factory over to them, and got away and

reached England.

He sought out Mrs. Thorburn, and he found her look to his mind a hundred times sweeter and prettier than in the oft-scanned photograph, which he carried with him.

To see it and to hear old Turcan's story went a long way to make her take kindly to him, and even to fall in love with his rugged face and form. He persuaded her to marry him, and she returned that it was as likely as not the body had with him to Africa for a time; and old Turcan's wife was the first English woman | acquaintance is undoubtedly the long who lived on that part of the solitary south-west African coast south of the J. LANDERS. Congo mouth.

### From The Nineteenth Century. AN AUTUMN VISIT TO JAPAN.

For centuries a halo of mystery surrounded Japan. It was less known than the centre of Africa is at present. But with Commodore Perry's expedition in 1854 all this has passed away. Since then no country has been more studied by foreigners—especially by English men and women. We have decorated our walls with its papers, furnished our rooms with its porcelain, filled our gardens with its flowers and shrubs, and even dramatized its institutions on the stage. And yet, with all the information about this wonderful country and people that has flooded our libraries and drawing-rooms for years past, the interest in it shows no signs of waning. Announce your intention of going to Japan, and every one that hears you instantly remarks that it has long been the darling wish of his or her heart. For one reason, it is at the other end of the earth (somewhere in the South Sea Islands, as an inquisitive but not too wellinformed friend observed), and there is always something fascinating in doing what other people cannot do - whether you go to the North Pole, to the centre of Africa, or only to Japan. For another reason, the country and people have no exact resemblance to any known race in the ancient or modern world, although points of resemblance may be found to the Chinaman, the North American Indian, and the Malay. As with the parlormaid who announced to her master, who was expecting some Japanese guests to dinner, that she had just sent away some Christy Minstrels, so doubts may be reasonably entertained in higher quarters as to their origin and color. Marco Polo indeed tells us that in the thirteenth century they were "white, civilized, and wellfavored;" but then he never left the shores of China. After all, the question to those who live in the nineteenth century, and who read and don't travel, is, Is there anything fresh to learn from these "white, civilized, and well-favored" people who live at the other side of the world? I think so, and I propose shortly to say

sea-voyage. By Suez and Hongkong it takes six weeks, and though it may be a few days shorter by Liverpool and New York, there is none the less a great gulf fixed of five thousand miles between San Francisco and Yokohama across a dreary waste of waters, often as stormy as the Atlantic, and unrelieved by the sight of a single passing ship. Purgatory of this sort has, however, one advantage. conduces to that frame of mind which thoroughly appreciates Paradise when reached. And the traveller must be hard to please if he does not view everything on landing with rose-colored spectacles.

The first thing that strikes him - fresh, it may be, from the indiscriminating rudeness of the American far West - is the exceeding civility of everybody, customhouse officers included. Cheerfulness, good temper, and politeness are universal. The mothers smile, the children chatter without quarrelling in the streets, and it is a pleasure to watch the ordinary workpeople as they meet and go through the prescribed etiquette of bowing and shaking hands with each other. Differences over the carriage of your person and effects if they exist - are speedily settled without the use of bad language and angry oaths, and in less time than it takes to write, the traveller and his baggage are put into jinrikishas (or light carriages drawn by one or more men scantily dressed, with funny white hats shaped like mushrooms), and are trotted off to the Grand Hotel, famous for its English comfort and French cuisine. These jinrikishas, or man-power carriages, deserve a word or two in passing. Of modern in-vention, they have been improvised to supply the want of horses and flys, and it is marvellous to see what power of endurance and capacity for toil is to be found amongst the little broad-shouldered coolies who draw them. It is quite a common thing for them to keep up a good steady pace of six or seven miles an hour, on a diet of rice, fish, or tea, for as many hours in the day, and all this for the scanty wage of 11d. a mile. These are stubborn facts, which, by comparison, make one tremble for the future of the English working classes, unless they make up their minds to gird themselves up for the coming struggle. The bitter cry of employers at home increases yearly with the increasing dislike of the rising generation to hard manual labor. Throughout Europe and Asia it is the same story - Germans and The most serious obstacle to a better Japanese beat us with our own weapons, less wage. It was not always so; but education has softened us, and philanthropy with the best intentions is doing ail it can to destroy the sturdy feeling of self-dependence, once the pride of the

British workman.

In Japan, man certainly "wants but little here below." With cotton clothes, a diet of rice and fish, and a house of wattle and daub, domestic bills are not high. An ordinary coolie or laborer in the fields is content with 2s. 6d. a week. A clerk in a government office is well paid with 50%. a year, and a cabinet minister with 1,000/. The so-called necessities of life in all classes are at least one-third of what they would be in the United States or in Europe. My inquiries did not extend so far as rent, rates, and taxes; but, whatever they may be, there is a good deal to show for them.

The streets and roads in and about the capital are good, clean, fairly lighted, and admirably policed, and the railroad of eighteen miles to Tokyio - built, like all the railroads of the country, after the English model - leaves little to be desired. The capital itself extends over a large area, and is said to contain a million inhabitants. The area it covers is enormous, embracing as it does numerous temples surrounded by groves of evergreen trees, and parks laid out in European fashion. Amongst the finest buildings are the Sheba temple and gardens, and the old palace of the shoguns. These are characteristic of an order of things which is fast passing away. The gardens are prettily laid out in the ancient style, with gigantic stone lanterns surrounding a lake devoted to fish and waterfowl; the latter, when required, being ingeniously caught by keepers with long nets concealed behind hedges planted for the

The sight of these old temples and gardens is full of interest to the antiquarian and philosopher. They speak of a form of government and a state of society which it is impossible for Englishmen to realize without going back to the Middle Ages, but which existed in Japan not a quarter of a century ago. The shogun and his court, the daimios or great feudal chiefs, and the samurai or military retainers, have vanished into limbo with a rapidity unexampled in history. Their vices did not differ from those of all oligarchical governments, and so far they deserved to

because they work harder, longer, and for | chiefs that one would wish to speak, in the hope that the faith, loyalty, and patriotism of the past will not be lost in the future. But the recent reforms have not yet had time to bear fruit, and the issue is still doubtful. In Japan, more than in any other country in the world, the new ideas of society are making the most rapid progress, and it may be that this marvellous people is destined to find the philosopher's stone in politics of combining liberty with empire without destroying what is worth

preserving of the past.

It was refreshing at least to find, amongst much that was a mere copy of European taste and fashions, that the new palace of the mikado at Tokyio is being built entirely of wood after the old models. It covers a great space, being only one story high, and is roofed with the peculiar long overlapping tiles introduced from The rooms are well proportioned, especially the hall of audience and the banqueting rooms; and the wooden ceilings, with square panels decorated with paper and silk on which flowers and animals have been beautifully worked, are unique of their kind. Costly as the estimate of the building and its decorations was reported to be - over a million sterling - one felt thankful that the new ideas of progress which rigidly put utility before beauty had not prevailed in this instance, and that a copy of Buckingham Palace had not been substituted for the old Japanese architecture.

From Tokyio to Nikko - the Canterbury of Japan - is only a day's journey, half of which is accomplished by rail, and the other half in jinrikishas along a level road at the rate of six miles an hour - the men keeping time by singing a monot-onous chant. Tall cryptomerias over a hundred feet high border the road, which passes through a country of paddy-fields, gradually changing to evergreen jungle and wood as the road ascends higher and higher to the town of Nikko. A Japanese inn built of lath and plaster is certainly not replete with comfort. The rooms are very draughty, for the sliding doors never thoroughly shut, and paper is substituted for glass in the windows. As for bedsteads, washing-stands, and other conveniences - they simply do not exist, so travellers have to improvise such articles or sleep on the floor. The people, however, are delightfully civil. Good-looking girls with raven hair and dark eyes wait upon you, and are so winning and willing perish. It is rather of their virtues, their to oblige you that discomfort becomes courage, and their devotion to their feudal | quite a secondary consideration.

The scenery improves as the ascent continues. Not so the road, so the jinrikishas are exchanged for cagos or palanquins along a rugged mountain tract, till the Chinsenji Lake (literally, the lake between the mountains) is reached, where luncheon is served in a Shinto temple. Recollections of Scotland and Switzerland come back as the eye looks above, around, and below. The water might have belonged to the celebrated pool of the Red Fisherman, so quiet and still is it.

And nearer he came, and still more near, To a pool in whose recess The water had slept for many a year, Unchanged and motionless.

No wonder this spot has been chosen for the site of a temple, for the mountainsides, the red autumn tints of the overhanging woods, and the glassy stillness of the lake speak of peace and harmony, of solitude, inward communion, and worship. But the face of nature is more changeful here than elsewhere. Earthquakes and tempests, the former especially, are far from uncommon, and on the return journey a windy corner was shown where a Buddhist saint is said to have tempered the violence of the constant hurricanes in these valleys by self-mortification and prayer. Nikko itself is the most hallowed spot in Japan, and curiously enough is equally reverenced by both Shinto and Buddhist devotees. Here it was that a temple was erected by Shodo Shonin, the Buddhist St. Augustine of Japan, in A.D. 767, on the site of another ancient temple. Here too it was that, in 1616 - nearly nine hundred years afterwards - the second shogun of the Tokingawa dynasty did honor to the saint by building a mausoleum to the memory of his father, the celebrated Iyeasu - the Henry the Seventh of Japan - who in the name of the mikado gave peace, prosperity, and laws to his distracted country after centuries of civil war.

What perhaps is most remarkable is that the Shinto and Buddhist temples, the alternately dominating and dominant State religions, have grown up side by side, surrounded by a grove of gigantic cryptomerias, which have held their own in all the vicissitudes of civil war and revolution. Before A.D. 1600 the Shinto worship was the State religion. For two hundred and fifty subsequent years it was replaced under the shoguns by Buddhism; and when the last shogun retired into private life in 1868, Shintoism was restored. What is Shintoism? may well be asked. Japanese in search of a national religion

It is most difficult to explain; indeed, the Japanese themselves get confused upon the subject, for it has no visible gods and no very definite creed. In their place is a sanctuary behind the temple, into which nobody but the mikado and priests may enter. It professes to worship nature, ancestors, and the mikado, and its precepts are to obey natural impulses and the laws of the State. Pure Buddhism is no doubt a far superior religion, but then pure Buddhism hardly exists in Japan. to an educated man, and he will frankly tell you that the Buddhist mythology is only a series of old wives' tales to him, and that all intelligent Japanese believe only in one first cause. Press him still further, and his ideas of religion differ little from pure agnosticism. Dogma and doctrine do not commend themselves to his reasoning faculties. The Bible he knows has been the subject of criticism, and the differences of those Christian sects he is acquainted with, both in faith and works, are only too patent to him. How can anybody expect him to become a Christian?

That this is one of the greatest difficulties that missionary societies have to contend with in the conversion of adults is proved by their own reports. of the Church Missionary Society for 1887 estimates the result of nineteen years' work as thirteen thousand adult Protestant Christians of all sects out of a population of thirty-five millions, of whom only one-tenth are Episcopalians. This cannot be looked upon as a great success from the most favorable point of view, and indeed the facts pretty well tell their own tale. Bishop Bickersteth, the new Bishop of Japan, is setting manfully to work to quicken the very moderate progress already achieved by his predecessors. In his latest report he alludes to the organization of a separate Japanese church, and speaks of teaching, nursing, and training, as the three main objects at which the mission will aim — objects in which all good Christians will heartily wish him success. The age of authentic miracles is gone. It may be that the days of rapid conversions are past also. But whatever may be the cause - whether organization is at fault or individual missionaries do not sufficiently identify themselves with the native mode of dress and living - the results, compared with the money, learning, and self-denying energy expended, are disappointing.

Meanwhile, the latest efforts of the

unwittingly provoke a smile. At a recent | conference held upon the subject, M. Fukuzawa, a well-known writer, urges the necessity of embracing Christianity, "not because it is true, but because it is the creed of the most highly civilized nations, and Japan should wear the same dress as her neighbors with whom she desires to stand well." Professor Toyama advocates Christianity "to improve music, and unite sentiment and feeling in harmonious cooperation." M. Kato, president of the University of Tokyio, declares "that religion is not needed for the educated, but urges religious teaching in the schools because there is a serious lack of moral sentiment amongst the masses." On the other hand, a M. Saguira is reported to have said that "the Japanese have no taste for religion, and can never become a religious people. Instead of adopting a foreign creed, they should therefore go abroad and preach their religion of reason to foreign countries." This would certainly be repaying the Christian propaganda in their own coin, but before embarking upon so unprofitable an undertaking, the apostles of reason may well inquire whether they have no work to do at home.

The temples at Nikko have every claim to be regarded as great national monu-ments of the past. Of their sort nothing can be more characteristic. These buildings, rendered more imposing by the gigantic cryptomerias around them, are one-storied, with massive, overlapping tiles, of an architecture suggestive of Chinese pagodas. Outside all is grotesque and monstrous. Huge stone lamps, that for design and execution might have belonged to the stone age; awe-inspiring giants, dragons, and nondescript creatures in green and blue, guard the approaches and figure upon the walls; but once inside, the rooms are neat, and the wood carving and bronze images, especially of the Buddhist temples, are not displeasing. flooring, covered with mats of bamboo cane, are thick, soft, and comfortable to the feet of the devotee or visitor, for no boots or shoes are admitted into the sacred precincts. Priests, in various costumes, with violet and green gowns, and chocolate-colored high caps, are in waiting to perform their rites and exact their fees; and on fête days processions and dancing keep up the interest of the masses, who are said to attend in crowds. Pilgrimage, apparently, is as common in Japan as it is in more Christian lands. The question for the apostles of reason to solve, is how called the Corniche or the Crimea. The

much of the popular support of these fêtes and processions can be attributed to genuine religious feeling, and how much to the mere love of display. Most travellers would say, neither more nor less than in other countries; and probably they would be right, for nothing is more difficult than for the Western mind to dogmatize upon the Eastern.

Time did not admit of any lengthened residence at Tokyio, so a visit to the Daibutsu - or famous statue and temple of Buddha - to Hakone, and Atami, was arranged so as to occupy the four or five days remaining before the steamer started for Kobe. Towering above every other object was to be seen the snow-capped cone of Fugisan, an extinct volcano thirteen thousand feet high, forcibly reminding one of the fragile crust of earth upon which the whole Japanese empire rests. How fragile is proved by two hundred and thirty-three eruptions having been recorded of the hundred volcanoes known to exist, and by the fact that hardly a week passes without a shock of some kind being felt. Constant familiarity with earthquakes seems to breed contempt, otherwise the stories of the fearful destruction caused by past convulsions would have long ago frightened the inhabitants into emigrating elsewhere en masse. Take, for instance, the great eruption of Fugisan itself in 1707, in which showers of stones and ashes lasted for ten days, so that fields, temples, and houses were covered three yards deep; or that of Asamayama in 1782, in which forty-eight villages, thousands of persons, and innumerable animals were destroyed by fiery rain similar to that which fell on Sodom and Gomorrah; or, still more recently, the eruption a few months ago at Bandaisan, one hundred and fifty miles from Yokohama, where the number of deaths was estimated at a thousand, and destruction of all vegetable life extended to a radius of five miles. Earthquakes, however, are not an unqualified evil; for, whatever may have been their frequency, the mountains and valleys were redundant with vegetation just in proportion to the admixture of volcanic débris so bountifully provided by nature.

Wherever we passed, signs of improvement and progress were visible. country was evidently awaking from a long sleep, and nothing but improved accommodation was wanting to make it most attractive to travellers. From Atami, noted for its hot springs, back by the Tokaido road, the views of the sea re-

Fugisan, lit up the woods crimson with autumnal tints, whilst the sea below sparkled with white horses caused by the reshening breeze. Thanks to our indefatigable jinrikisha men, by the afternoon we had rambled over the island of Enoshima, famous for its caves, and before evening closed the great Daibutsu, or statue of Buddha, was reached. It is about six hundred years old, fifty feet in height, and a hundred feet in girth, of bronze and silver, with golden eyes, and from the beauty of its proportions is perhaps the finest statue of its kind in the country. The mechanical and artistic knowledge necessary to execute such a work must have been very great, and could not have been inferior to that possessed by western Europe at the same period; and had free communication with the rest of the world existed, progress would have been as continuous.

Meanwhile the present generation is more than making up for lost time. At Kobe, the port of Ozaka, two days' sea journey from Yokohama, the same determination not to be behindhand in the race of nations was manifest. The harbor was full of shipping, and packet boats were every day passing and repassing, on their way through the Inland Sea to China and Europe. It is all very wonderful, and the only fear is whether the pace is not too good to last. The governor of Kobe, like all Japanese officials, was most courteous and civil. Was all this apparent civilization and progress skin-deep? I thought I would test it by asking to see a prison. The request was acceded to as soon as made. Before notice could have been sent to the town gaol to make all things tidy and clean, we were at the prison gates. Everything seemed to be in as perfect order as in a model county prison in England. The dormitories, to suit the climate, were simply square rooms with clean wooden floors, surrounded by palisades, which accomplished the double purpose of giving ample ventilation and at the same time of enabling the warders to hear and see all that is said and done by the prisoners. The sexes are of course separated, and light labor is the rule and not the exception. In addition to the usual rice and soy, a portion of wheat is given to each prisoner, thus making his food more substantial than that to which Torture of every sort he is accustomed. has been abolished, and any breach of discipline is punished by solitary confinement. In short, everything bespoke antiquarian and the artist, rich establish-

rising sun, reflected from the hills near | humanity, cleanliness, and judicious treatment - a great contrast to the filthy pigsties and monstrous cruelty of similar establishments in China.

Ozaka, with a population of nearly three hundred thousand, possesses several factories, and an admirable mint and arsenal on the model of those in London and Woolwich. The employés and artisans are all natives, with the exception of one or two Europeans who are retained for their special knowledge. The work turned out in the government mint and arsenal, as well as in the private porcelain and other factories, is equal in finish to anything of the kind manufactured at home, and is of course produced at a far cheaper rate, a shilling a day being reckoned good pay. The town itself stands under the shadow of a famous old castle of feudal times, built in the eighteenth century, and nearly destroyed by the shogun party in 1868. Constructed of the largest and heaviest stones, it remains a monument of what the energy of men has been able to accomplish without the aid of modern machinery and steam power, and from its position commands a splendid view of the surrounding country. Happily, veneration and respect for the past still exist in Japan; otherwise, with the present rage for modern fashions, the oldest buildings and institutions would soon give place to the new. Even striking examples of that rare virtue, faith, are here and there to be found. At the great Buddhist temple of Tenno-ji, on the outskirts of the city, poor women were to be seen consulting the lottery box, in the hope of drawing a piece of paper inscribed with a Buddhist text which might bring them good luck; and, further on, others were praying the patron saint in a simple and touching manner to conduct their dead children into Paradise. But these cases are becoming more and more exceptional as time goes on, and faith in the old creeds is being undermined by modern

At Nara and Kiyoto, the ancient capitals of the mikados, temples of huge size, in groves of proportionate dimensions, everywhere stand forth as monuments of departed and departing greatness. priests have been pensioned off or reduced in number, and the revenues confiscated. There is a sad want of fresh lacquer, poorly compensated by paint, everywhere visible, and it is easy to see that the governing authorities are in favor of rigid economy. Fortunately for the

shōguns cannot be destroyed in a few years. Nature may be expelled with a fork, but it will come back in some form. Religions may be disendowed and the revenues confiscated, but faith in them will still be found where least expected. Witness the great Buddhist temple of the Howgwanji sect at Kiyoto, burnt down some years ago and now rebuilding. Up to that time I confess that the neglected state of the temples (especially of the Buddhist temples) and the apparently sparse attendance of worshippers, encouraged the idea that belief was decaying even amongst the masses. A visit to this temple, however, speedily dispelled the notion, whatever the appearances might be to the contrary, that unbelief was universally prevalent. The story told to us by the priest, and vouched for by the governor's private secretary, is worth repeating, if only as a reply to those who think that religious faith is dead in Japan.

On the occurrence of the fire in question, subscriptions were at once set on foot, supported by energetic preaching throughout the empire, and in the space of ten years no less a sum than five and one-half million dollars, about 850,000%, was collected from - not the rich, because as a class they do not exist - but from the very poorest of the people, who live in mud huts hardly so good as Irish cabins, and feed upon millet and rice. This magnificent tempte, built entirely of wood, was not to be finished for another two years, and when completed will be one of the grandest structures of the kind ever seen. In height above a hundred feet, and supported by massive pillars of keoke wood or elm, brought from the neighboring island of Formosa, it ought to last for all time, if only it escape the ravages of fire. Nothing could exceed the exquisite workmanship of the carving. Animals, birds, and flowers were chiselled out of huge solid pieces of wood with a truthfulness to nature rarely to be found, showing that Japanese artists have nothing to fear from foreign competitors. The most wonderful sight of all had, however, yet to be seen. Hanging on one of the massive beams which supported the walls inside the new building, were perhaps some fifty ropes of thick black glossy material, each as many feet in length, and as big round as a pair of stout fists could grasp. On inquiry I was informed that they were made entirely of human hair, women of Japan who, too poor to con- and beauty all its own, which should re-

ments like the Buddhist Church under the | tribute money, had cut off their black tresses as a fit sacrifice towards so holy an object. These self-denying ladies, judging from the quantity of hair, were to be calculated not by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands; but, whatever the number was, one felt that the measure of their faith and devotion could only be realized by supposing Westminster Abbey to be burnt down, and the response that would be made by the women of England to an appeal of the same sort from the Archbishop of Canterbury. After such proof, the existence of faith in Japan, if only the right chord was touched, needed

no demonstration.

The position of Kiyoto, backed by lofty hills, with the river Katsurigawa in its midst, is most picturesque. Like Nara, for a long time the capital of the mikado, before 1868, it may be described as a city of monasteries and temples, in which the palace of the mikado when he was practically a state prisoner in the hands of his commander-in-chief, or shogun, occupied the place of the Vatican. Here the unfortunate sovereign, too holy to be seen by his adoring subjects lest they should be suddenly struck blind, lived, surrounded by a poverty-stricken court on the pittance allowed to him. Never permitted to leave the palace walls unless closely guarded, his executive functions were limited to bestowing titles of honor, and approving the acts of his self-constituted mayor of the palace, in theory a subject, in fact an autocrat. A dismal life indeed it must have been, enlivened only by court intrigues, abdication, and exile. Of comfort in the shape of furniture, in this or any other old palace in Japan, of course there was none. Curtains there were which concealed the mikado from the view of all but his own family; but in the matter of chairs, beds, and tables he could have been no better off than the meanest of his subjects.

With all this extreme simplicity of living in the highest quarters, art flourished. Every room of any pretension in palace or monastery is decorated with painting and carving from nature of exquisite taste and beauty, by painters and sculptors whose names, unlike their works, make no lasting impression on European memories. That the artistic genius of the nation may not be swallowed up in the "ugly rush" after European fashions now in vogue, must be the sincere wish of every lover of art. Like the trees, the shrubs, and the and that they were the offerings of the flowers of the country, it has a character

preserving of an ancient civilization. As we returned to Kobe to steam on to China, through the beautiful scenery of the Inland Sea, the effect was that of quitting some enchanted spot, where existence is only too easy and friends too kind, to plunge again into the distracting cares of ordinary life. The pleasant dream was at an end, but the recollections would remain of a people naturally proud, ambitious, and jealous of foreign interference, working out their ultimate development under circumstances which had no parallel in the history of the world. In twenty years they had abolished their feudal system, re-established their ancient government, remodelled their army and navy, reformed their laws, abrogated many of their old manners and customs, and had become the first self-civilized nation of the East and all this had been effected with the may break up. But after all, what do least possible amount of bloodshed and recent facts and figures say? In 1886

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suffering. Of their present transitory condition it its difficult to speak too highly. It is marked, not only by uniform courtesy, but by good behavior. Vice may exist, but it does not obtrude itself. Neither swearing nor bad language is to be heard in the streets, nor is drunkenness or immorality to be seen unless sought for. Everywhere civility and politeness seemed to be the rule amongst all classes, not only towards one another, but invariably and especially towards strangers. Thanks to a good police and the natural amiability of the people, crimes of violence and outrage are scarcely known. Of the result of the new system of education it is too soon to judge, but already intelligence, industry, thrift, and cleanliness exist both inside and outside the dwelling-houses. Could board schools do more for them? Have they done as much for us at home? If so, why should the manners, address, and language of this heathen people be infinitely superior to those of other nations who have the privilege of calling them-selves Christians? The secret is to be found in their training, not at school, but at home. An ounce of mother is better than a pound of parson, or an hundredweight of board school. Almost before they can walk, certainly before they can talk, all Japanese children are taught how to salute, speak, and behave in the presence of their superiors, equals, and inferiors. The result is that they are neither shy nor presumptuous, know what to say and do under all circumstances, and are

main a living monument of all that is worth | out being obsequious or vulgar. There may be a darker side to the picture, but it is not discernible to the ordinary travel-

It is said that the people are deceitful and thievish, but nobody averred in our hearing that they were desperately wicked. Prophets of the order of Cassandra shook their heads gloomily, and said that things could not last as they were, and that a great reaction was bound to come. If asked why, they replied that there was a deal of discontent with the new reforms; that the financial position of the country was unsound, and that the progress achieved had been too rapid to be lasting. No doubt there is some truth in these assertions, just as there is some truth in the assertions of our Cassandras at home that India is in danger of being invaded by Russia, and that our colonial empire the revenue and expenditure - about 12,500,000l. sterling - was balanced on the right side, and the credit of the country had so improved that the government was enabled to borrow money locally at five per cent. to repay loans borrowed in European markets at seven per cent. This at least does not look as if the mercantile community had lost confidence in the stability of the government. That progress has been going on for the last twenty years by leaps and bounds is an undeniable fact, and that a period of reaction and discontent may set in is possible; but the same may be said of most parts of the civilized world. It is indeed highly improbable that, the government having weathered two such serious revolts as occurred in 1868 and 1877, there is any danger of a relapse into barbarism and anarchy. At all events no country is more interested than England in using all its influence and power to prevent such a catastrophe. Apart from the increase of trade — which there is every reason to expect, between Hongkong, Yokohama, and Vancouver - Japan would be a most valuable ally in case of war with Russia or China. A bond of sympathy already exists between the two nations, which is being strengthened by feelings of mutual interest, and the use of English as a common language in all business transactions. They have nothing to fear or to gain from each other, and they have something to respect in the similarity of geographical position and past history, and something to learn in the naturally polite and good-tempered, with- development of the near future.

ises are fulfilled, representative institutions will be introduced and the progress of Japan accelerated for better or worse according to the skill of the statesmen who may be in power. The danger is that all the luxuries, vices, and discontent of European life may be also introduced. Heaven forbid that this should be so, or that the frugal modes of living, patriarchal politeness, and respect for authority of this most interesting and marvellous people should disappear under the withering influence of European contact. If otherwise, the allied nations - whose fleets broke down the great 'wall of isolation in 1854, and established commercial intercourse with a race hitherto cut off from the contaminating influence of Western civilization - will have much to answer EUSTACE G. CECIL.

From The Gentleman's Magazine. LETTERS OF THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

NOWHERE, perhaps, has the state of French society during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth and the regency been more graphically described than in the voluminous correspondence of the princess Palatine Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, and mother of the regent. The following extracts have been chiefly selected from letters addressed by her to her aunt Sophia, Duchess of Hanover, and to her half-sisters, the countesses Palatine Amelia Elizabeth and Louise, and dated from 1683 (twelve years after her marriage with the younger brother of Louis the Fourteenth) to 1720: -

Fontainebleau, September 25, 1683.

For the last fortnight nothing has been talked about but the death of M. Colbert. He was so hated by the populace that his body would have been torn to pieces had not the road between his house and the church been lined by a regiment of foot This, however, did not prevent the mob from affixing on the walls of the chapel where he lies buried a prodigious number of abusive lampoons and epigrams, both in prose and verse. One of the Paris water-carriers coming in the morning to the fountain was observed to was in mourning replied, "For M. Col- after a while bade the coachman drive to

In less than two years' time, if prom- | bert," adding that they ought to follow his example. "Why?" inquired one of them. "Because," he answered, "we all have reason to be grateful to him for not putting a tax on water, although he taxed everything else."

Versailles, January 26, 1688.

The king told us to-day that a hairdresser of the name of Albert had introduced into England the fashion of headdresses so prodigiously tall that the tops of the sedan chairs were obliged to be raised in order that ladies who adopted the new mode might be able to sit upright in them.

Saint Cloud, August 20, 1690.

If the late king of England [Charles the Second] prophesied truly, King James is not likely to be ranked among the saints. The Duchess of Portsmouth, who has been staying here, told us that the late king was in the habit of saying, "You see my brother; well, when he is king he will lose his kingdom by being over-religious, and his soul by his attachment to ugly women, for he has not good taste enough to admire pretty ones.'

Saint Cloud, September 13, 1690.

I cannot accustom myself to the way in which religion is practised here, and am half tempted to follow the example of the English Fielding. Some years ago, at Fontainebleau, he was asked if he were a Huguenot, and replied in the negative. "You are, then, a Catholic?" "Certainly not" "A Lutheran perhaps?" "Far from it." "What are you, then?" "I don't mind telling you," said Fielding; "I have a little religion of my own."

Paris, December 27, 1691.

You have doubtless heard the stories about M. de Mauroy, the superior of the mission of the Invalides. Nearly a dozen ladies of quality are mixed up with them; to one he gave a pension, to another twenty thousand crowns, to a third a handsome equipage; in short, he was extremely liberal to all. M. de Louvois, who regarded him as a saint, gave him every year ten thousand crowns to distribute amongst the poor, and he spent the money as I tell you, besides leaving debts to the amount of sixty thousand crowns. He had a collection of false beards so well made as to defy detection; and one day, having hired a fiaere, told the driver to stop before a certain church. Presently, have a black crape tied round his hat, and to the astonishment of the latter, an abbé being asked by his comrades for whom he stepped out of the vehicle, and returning

a house in a distant quarter of the town. There, instead of the abbé, an officer in full uniform with wig and sword got out, and some hours later reappeared, giving orders to proceed to another church, which they had no sooner reached than the driver, beholding his fare once more transformed into the missionary who had engaged him and gravely entering the church, galloped away as fast as his horses could carry him, without waiting for his money, declaring to all he met that he had been driving the devil about ever since the morning.

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Versailles, February 3, 1695.

The cold is so bitter that yesterday at mass I thought my feet were frozen, for out of respect for the king we are not allowed to have a chancelière.\* He was angry with me for wearing a scarf, and said they were never worn in church. "Very likely," I replied, "but it has never been so cold as it is now." "Formerly," said the king, "you had none." "I was younger, then," I said, "and did not feel the cold so much." "There are older people than you," he went on, "who do without them." "That is," I answered, "because they would rather freeze than put on anything that does not become them; whereas I prefer being badly dressed to catching my death of cold." He said no more.

Fontainebleau, October 12, 1695. People now talk of King William [the

People now talk of King William [the Third] in a very different tone. Everywhere he is spoken of as a "master-mind, a great monarch," and so on. You are quite right in saying that those who are fortunate never want admirers.

Versailles, September 20, 1696.

The Prince of Wales [the Old Pretender] is the sweetest child imaginable. He speaks French now, and converses very prettily. He is neither like his father nor his mother, but bears a striking resemblance to the late king, his uncle; and I am sure that if the English saw him they could not for a moment doubt his belonging legitimately to the royal family.

Paris, November 3, 1697.

When the Prince di Conti has had a glass too much he is extremely diverting, for he imagines that it is not he who is tipsy, but some one else. Last year he came up to me after one of his drinking-bouts, and told me that he had just been

\* A boat or basket lined with fur to keep the feet warm.

talking to the pope's nuncio, who was so very far gone that he could not make him understand a single word. "But, cousin," said I, "are you quite sure that you are sober yourself? for you appear very lively." "Ah," he replied with a laugh, "exactly what Monseigneur and M. de Chartres have been saying; they will fancy that I am intoxicated, and will not comprehend that the nuncio is." If I and my son had not hindered him, he would have asked the nuncio where he had been carousing.

Versailles, December 21, 1698.

"Tartuffe" is allowed to be played all the more readily as nobody imagines it can refer to himself. But I think that if any one were to write such comedies now they would not be tolerated so easily, as certain persons at present in high favor might very well be supposed to have furnished the models for them.

Saint Cloud, June 10, 1701.

I have been told a sad story of a goldsmith named Tertullian Sehu, a Protestant, who tried some time ago to escape from France with his wife and children. The woman was arrested at Lille, and thrown into prison with four of her little ones; the eldest son was shot in the heel, and will probably share the fate of Achilles. As for the father, I have not heard whether he has been taken or not. I pity these unfortunates most sincerely, and only wish the king knew that such cruelties as these have already caused many Catholics to become Calvinists.

Versailles, December 29, 1701.

I am convinced that you cannot be as wrinkled as I am, but I care little about my looks, for never having been handsome I have nothing to lose. Besides, I see that those whom I remember beautiful are now positively ugly. Not a soul would recognize Madame de la Vallière as she is at present, and as for Madame de Montespan, her skin is like a crumpled sheet of paper. She has a red face covered with wrinkles close one to another, and her once lovely hair is as white as snow. Madame de Maintenon, on the contrary, is not the least changed; she is exactly what she was thirty years ago.

Versailles, January 3, 1705.

The following true story relates to the Duke of Luxembourg when he commanded the king's army in Flanders. He had expressly forbidden the troops to plunder the peasantry, and one day going

there cutting cabbages. M. de Luxembourg flew into a violent rage and thrashed the offender soundly with his cane; whereupon the culprit begged him not to strike so hard, adding that, if he did, he would repent of it shortly. This enraged the duke still more, and he went on beating him until he could no longer lift his arm, the other still replying in the same strain as before. A short time after M. de Luxembourg was told that one of his men had distinguished himself in a recent action, and performed feats of valor worthy of a Roman hero. Curious to see the object of these reports, he sent for him, and once face to face with his commander, the soldier burst out laughing, and said, "Do you remember, monseigneur, when you thrashed me for cutting cabbages I told you that one of these days you would repent of it? Confess that you are sorry for it now, and that I have revenged my-self as an honorable soldier ought to do!"

Marly, June 16, 1705.

M. de Louvois was latterly a firm believer in spiritual manifestations, owing to the following circumstance. Having heard that a certain major possessed the faculty of putting himself in communication with spirits by means of a glass of water, he at first ridiculed the idea, but finally consented to witness the experiment. He was then courting Madame Dufrénoy, and that very morning, when alone in her apartments, had taken from her toilet table an emerald bracelet, in order that he might enjoy her vexation on missing it. No one had seen him, no one therefore could possibly know what he had done. Coming straight from thence to the place appointed, he directed the child who acted as medium to tell him what he was thinking about. After looking into the glass of water the child replied that he was doubtless thinking of a very handsome lady dressed in such and such a manner, who was searching everywhere for a valuable object she had lost. "Ask her what she is looking for," said M. de Louvois. "An emerald bracelet," was the answer. "Then," pursued M. de Louvois, "let the spirit inform us who took it, and what became of it." The child looked again and laughed. "I see the man," he said; "he is dressed exactly as you are, and is as like you as one drop of water is like another. He is taking the bracelet from the table, and putting it in his pocket." At these words M. de Lou-

by chance into a garden found a soldier time believed in sorcerers and fortunethere cutting cabbages. M. de Luxem- tellers to his dying day.

Versailles, December 21, 1707.

Marshal Catinat is the most disinterested of men. He had received no pay for several years, and on M. Chamillart's offering to send him the entire sum at once refused to take it, saying that he had sufficient for his wants, and that the king needed money more than he did.

Versailles, October 28, 1708.

Except bankers and tax-collectors, there are few people here who possess large fortunes. Marshal Villars is the only one who has profited by the spoils of the Palatinate; Marshal Marsin told him one day to his face that the wealth he had acquired there was ill-gotten money. "How can it be ill-gotten," said Villars, "if the king gave it to me?" "The king could not give you what did not belong to him," replied Marsin; "and for my part I should consider myself dishonored by accepting it."

Versailles, April 7, 1709.

Yesterday, near the Place Manbert, a commissary of police was killed by a mob, consisting of a hundred dames de la halle, who have all been imprisoned. The cause of this outbreak was the increase in the price of bread. It has been found necessary to double M. d'Argenson's guard, his life being in danger.

Marly, August 21, 1710.

M. de Vendôme came yesterday to pay me a farewell visit; he is on his way to command the king's troops in Spain. His wife will be inconsolable, for they say she is extremely attached to him. I conclude that she has not forgotten the pretty speech he made when he married her. "Madame," he said, "I am but a poor hand at galantry, and do not know how to frame a compliment. I will therefore only assure you that, since you permit me to have the honor of being your husband, I shall never misuse the privilege; and you will always be absolutely your own mistress as well as mine."

Marly, February 5, 1711.

was the answer. "Then," pursued M. de Louvois, "let the spirit inform us who took it, and what became of it." The child looked again and laughed. "I see the man," he said; "he is dressed exactly as you are, and is as like you as one drop of water is like another. He is taking the bracelet from the table, and putting it in the ladies are so afraid of saying anything that may possibly displease and prevent vois turned as pale as death, and from that

tiresome topics - dress and play.

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Marly, July 20, 1711.

I have always heard that the wife of Milord Marlborough behaved most insolently to Queen Anne, so her Majesty acted rightly in dismissing her. What can it signify to Lord Sunderland whether the queen be well or ill served by Madame Masson [Masham]! That Sunderland is a very dangerous personage; judging from his quiet and demure looks, no one would suspect him of cunning. He was for some time ambassador in France, and a great player at basset.

Paris, November 14, 1715.

I fancy that a good many of King George's subjects will abandon him now that the Chevalier de St. Georges has arrived in Scotland. I was told this evening how he contrived to escape from France. He was staying with the Prince de Vaudemont at Commercy, where he had been invited for a stag-hunt, and on the return of the party was present with the others at a grand banquet, which lasted until four in the morning. When he retired to his chamber the chevalier begged that, as it was so late, he might not be called before two in the afternoon; at the appointed hour his servants on going into the room found it empty. The Prince de Vaudemont, when informed that his guest was missing, affected surprise, and directed a search to be made; and this proving ineffectual, he acknowledged that the chevalier had departed, and added that he had given orders for the drawbridge to be raised, so that no one might leave the château for the next three days. By this means the chevalier reached Brittany incognito, and there hired a fisherman's boat, which conveyed him on board a vessel cruising about at sea, where he was received by a number of Scottish lords, who accompanied him to that country.

Paris, March 24, 1718.

The Duchess of Shrewsbury [wife of the English ambassador] is a great talker, and says very strange things. I remember hearing her say, "You see that my dear duke has but one eye; nature only gave him one, finding it impossible to make a second equally beautiful!"

Saint Cloud, August 4, 1718.

My son [the regent] told me yesterday that the czar [Peter the Great] discovered his son's conspiracy against him by means of some letters addressed by the prince to young girl; "it can be no one else."

words they exchange are limited to two his mistress. The czar summoned his State counsellors and bishops to the palace, and when they were all assembled sent for his son, embraced him, and asked him if it were possible that he had sought to assassinate him. The young man denied everything, whereupon the czar delivered the letters to the counsellors, saying that he could not judge his own son, but left it to them to treat him not rigorously but indulgently. The tribunal unanimously condemned the prince to death, on hearing which he solicited a last interview with his father, to whom he confessed his crime and besought his pardon. He died two days later, it is reported, by poison in order to avoid the shame of a public execution. It is a horrible story.

Saint Cloud, August 3, 1719.

The late king [Louis the Fourteenth] was perfectly ignorant as regards the Scriptures. He considered me a learned woman because I had, to a certain extent, studied them. If he had chosen to read he would have known more, but he hated reading. He knew absolutely nothing about different forms of belief. His confessor told him that all who were not Catholics were heretics, and could not possibly be saved, and he took it for granted without examining further.

Saint Cloud, October 26, 1719.

A canon of St. Cloud, a most worthy and excellent man, but extremely strict in religious matters, came to see monsieur [the Duke of Orleans], who was very fond at times of playing the hypocrite. "Mon-sieur Feuillet," said the latter, addressing the canon by his name, " I am exceedingly thirsty; is it allowable on a fast-day to indulge in a glass of orange-juice?"
"Monsieur," replied the canon, "if you have a fancy for eating an ox, you are at liberty to do so; but behave like a good Christian, and pay your debts."

Paris, December 3, 1719.

Strange stories are afloat respecting people who have made large fortunes with shares of Monsieur Law's bank. The other evening Madame Bégond was at the opera with her daughter. Presently a female came into the amphitheatre, extremely ugly and common-looking, but splendidly dressed and covered with diamonds. "Surely," said Mile. Begond to her mother, "that is our cook Marie!" "Hush, my dear," replied Madame Begond; "you must be mistaken." "But, mother, only look at her," persisted the

Those who were near them, hearing this | rived one of the other three, upon which dialogue, stared in their turn at the new-comer, and the words, "Marie, the cook," were circulated about until they reached the ears of the individual alluded to. Rising from her seat, she coolly addressed the audience as follows: "Yes, it is quite true; my name is Marie, and I was Madame Bégond's cook; but now I am a rich woman, and dress as I like. I owe nobody anything; and if I choose to wear fine clothes what harm can it do?" You may imagine that the whole house was in

Paris, February 4, 1720.

Paris is not nearly as full as it was. Many people have left it owing to the cost of living. No payments are allowed to be made in gold, and nothing is to be seen but banknotes and twenty-sou pieces. I have strictly forbidden any one to speak in my hearing of shares or subscriptions, as I do not wish to understand anything about them. Except my son and Madame de Châteauthiers, I do not know a single thoroughly disinterested person in France; certainly not the princes and princesses of the blood royal, who actually exchange fisticuffs with the clerks of the bank.

Paris, March 23, 1720.

Yesterday morning a young man, of a good Flemish family, Count Horn, committed an odious crime. He had lost four thousand crowns at play, and not having the means of paying devised a scheme for procuring the money. Taking with him three accomplices, he went to the Rue Quincampoix, and meeting there one of the bank-clerks, asked him if he had any shares to sell. "How many do you shares to sell. "How ma want?" inquired the clerk. He mentioned a certain number, and offered if the clerk would accompany him to a tavern hard by to settle with him there. Shortly after their arrival the four wretches fell upon the poor man and murdered him; and then, having secured the pocket-book containing the shares, made their escape through a back window. The count, however, imagining that the safest way to conceal his crime was to accuse some one else, presented himself before the commissary of police of the quarter and declared that some persons unknown had tried to assassinate him. The commissary, looking at him attentively, and observing that, although covered with blood, he exhibited no trace of a wound, began to suspect foul play, and ordered him to be arrested. At this moment ar- all. Daphnis and Chloe, Theagenes and

Horn appealed to the commissary to hear his testimony, adding that he had been an eyewitness of the attempt. His accomplice, mistaking the sense of his words, and concluding that the count had acknowledged his guilt, confessed everything, and both were immediately committed to prison, and are to be tried on Monday. \* CHARLES HERVEY.

\* Four days later Count Horn and his accomplices were broken on the wheel.

> From Macmillan's Magazine. NAMES IN FICTION.

"MAMMA is writing: Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Twysden request the honor of Admiral and Mrs. Davis Locker's company at dinner on Thursday the so-and-so.

If a man (as Steerforth's friend would have said) ever had any time to himself, which in the case of man that lives by writing is a wild and impossible supposition, he might find less interesting amusements in literary bric-à-brac than the making of a small collection not exactly of "beauties," but of literary passages, each of which should exhibit some literary peculiarity in its most perfect form. It would be a delightful and endless pastime for a lazy old age, inasmuch as it never could be finished, never could be exactly satisfactory, and yet would always be pleasing. And the virtuoso, in the English not the foreign sense of the word, would have a long search before he could find an example to beat the sentence of Thackeray's quoted above as an effort in a certain kind of fictitious nomenclature. Scott's Kennaquhair runs it hard, at least for English ears; but out of the works of Thackeray and Scott there is nothing so good, and in them there are few things of the kind, if any, better. The excellent admiral and his wife, moreover, supply a capital text for some little discourse on the literary equivalent of what the technical language of heraldry calls armes parlantes: to wit, names which speak the character.

In poetry the thing is of course very early, but as prose fiction is later than poetry, so the development of this particular fancy in authors appears to be later even in the history of prose fiction itself. In such serious Greek novels as remain to us, for instance, there is no trace of it at

Chariclea, Leucippe and Cleitophon, Chæreas and Callirrhoe, with all their company, correspond not to the Newcomes and the Davis Lockers, but to the Lovels and the Belvilles. Indeed one could hardly expect anything of the kind until the romance passes into the novel of manners and of satire. And we find it, sure enough, in the first examples of such work of any importance that we have - the work of Lucian. In that delightful work the examples which had been set by Aristophanes and the other playwrights (for the trick appeared on the stage long before it appeared in novels) is worked out well, but perhaps more sparingly than we might have expected. The name of that agreeable but naughty handmaid in the "Lucius," that "damsel very audacious and full of grace," is an ingenious instance of the kind, and so are the denominations of the satraps of the realms of sleep, "Taraxion the son of Matæogenes, and Plutocles the son of Phantasion." But so little of Lucian's work is directly narrative that he had not very much scope for amusing himself in this way after the example of his master Aristophanes. In the scanty remains of Latin fiction there is even less of this sort of thing. The names in the "Satyricon" (except Circe, which can hardly be called an example) have little or no allusiveness, and if Apuleius copied the Greek "Ass" in his Latin one (which is disputed, though perhaps needlessly), he went out of his way to discard Palæstra for Fotis. In mediæval romance there is something of a tendency to revive the practice, but it is slight and primitive in expression. There is little "play" in the names, even when they are indicative. What is called mediæval simplicity, which was in many ways much less simple than people think, certainly appears in the abundant use of such appellations as Orgueilleuse, Blanchefleur, and so forth. Indeed these are hardly instances of our kind; a kind which however always continued to be represented on the stage. Every one who has read or even turned over the early English drama knows how fond our dramatists were of simply labelling their characters, sometimes carrying the practice so far as he who, after christening one character by an impossible designation, makes another say, "Oh! that speaks him." This, as has been remarked, it could not well help doing, considering that it had been manufactured for the purpose. The practice, though in such extremes rather a childish one, took such firm hold of at least the comic theatre LIVING AGE. VOL. LXV.

that so long as we had a classic drama it was never abandoned, and can hardly be said to be obsolete yet.

When we turn to the beginnings of the English novel it so happens, by a rather curious chance, that each of the three persons who are commonly and rightly regarded as founders adopted one, and for the most part one only, of the three possible systems of naming characters. yan pushes the "speaking-name" to its farthest possibilities, yet, oddly enough, without any of the reproach which not unjustly attends Sir Politick Wouldbe and Sir Novelty Fashion. The illustrious Aphra Behn followed the Greeks, of whom she knew nothing, and the French romancers of the Scudéry school, of whom she knew much, in selecting the most flowery names she could find. Defoe, in accordance with his general principle, simply took the ordinary names of ordinary English life where he had occasion for names at all, though now and then, as in Roxana, he had no objection to a sounding stage name. And these three practices prevail throughout the eighteenth century, little or no attempt being made at that combination of a possible and ordinary-sounding name with a double meaning, which Thackeray brought to such extraordinary perfection. Nothing could be much better than Gulliver, but Swift did not pursue the vein far. Fielding, as we should expect, mixes up all the kinds, giving indeed to most of his principal persons ordinary names, but frequently adopting the stage style (as in Allworthy, Colonel Courtly, Mrs. Slipslop, Tom Whipwell the coachman, Snap, Bagshot, and so forth), admitting Lindamiras, and Bellarmines when he feels disposed, and perhaps we may say adding a new kind that of the purely grotesque name with no particular undermeaning, such as Trulli-ber, Blifil, Hebbers, which his imitator Dickens was afterwards to carry to such lengths. Richardson takes ordinary, or at least actual and well-known names, but always with an inclination towards finery in his choice. Sterne is almost wholly fantastic, without any particular tendency, except in grotesque Latin, to one particular kind of fantasy. Smollett, so like and so unlike Fielding in other ways, maintains in this particular way the same likeness in dissimilarity. Trunnion, Hatchway, Pipes, — these are instances of quite the infancy of the art, and Tom Whipwell (which at least sounds like a possible name) is a long way ahead of them. The minor novelists of the century

remained equally within the circumscription of the ancient lines. Miss Burney never attempts the making of names in our sense; that eccentric person the author of "John Buncle," who, after being perhaps somewhat overpraised, seems to have sunk into unmerited reverses, has also little if anything of the kind; the eminent Bage, whom few people would ever have read if it had not pleased Sir Walter, to put him in the Ballantyne novels, has less; Dr. Zachary Caudle is the nearest attempt that Sir Fretful Plagiary (so gods him call, but he is known to men as Cumberland) makes in the edifying work called "Henry;" while "The Man of Feeling" and Mrs. Radcliffe also yield nothing to the inquirer. When the century ended men had got little, if at all, beyond Sir Politick Wouldbe and Sir Novelty Fashion, except for the, in both senses, almost inimitable nomenclature of Bunyan and a

few hints in Fielding.
We have called Bunyan inimitable in both senses, and so he is. Although the public attention has been too much concentrated on the "Pilgrim's Progress," one need go no further than to the universally known passages of that book to see at once what can be done with simple ticketing, and how difficult, if not impossible, it is to do it again. The ever memorable consultation of the jury at Faithful's trial is enough for our purpose, and surely it may again be quoted.

And first among themselves, Mr. Blindman, the foreman, said, "I see clearly that this man is a heretic." Then said Mr. No-Good, "Away with such a fellow from the earth!" "Ay," said Mr. Malice, "for I hate the very look of him." Then said Mr. Lovelust, "I could never endure him." "Nor I," said Mr. Liveloose, "for he would always be condemning my way." "Hang him! hang him!" said Mr. Heady. "A sorry scrub!" said Mr. Highmind. "My heart riseth against said Mr. Enmity. "He is a rogue," said Mr. Liar. "Hanging is too good for him," said Mr. Cruelty. "Let us despatch him out of the way," said Mr. Hatelight. Then said Mr. Implacable, "Might I have all the world given me I could not be reconciled to him: therefore let us bring him in guilty of

It is probably impossible to find anything better than this old favorite of the public, for, as Mr. Clive Newcome observes with much sense, "You can't beat the best, you know." But there are hundreds of other things in the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Holy War" almost as good. Yet good as they are they are

where. If in an ordinary novel of ordinary manners we met Mr. Lechery, Mrs. Filth, and some others, we should not only (let us trust) be shocked, but should certainly be bored. The same danger attends the less abstract but equally improbable Fashions and Absolutes and Harkaways of the stage. Having made up our minds (generally with much reason) that the stage does not hold up the mirror to nature, we pardon these things and are in a way amused by them. But as for the last eighty years or nearly so the novel has been supposed to be a copy of life without footlights or scenery or making-up, these simple methods of deception hardly seem

to suit it.

It has been hinted that the first successful attempt to unite the advantages of the play upon words with the advantage of not taxing the reader's credulity and good-nature too greatly came from Scott. There had been attempts at the thing before, no doubt; no man, not even the greatest, ever makes a clear and clean start. But the second person in English literature, the enchanter who could play on every string save one - the string of pure passion - in the whole compass of the instruments of prose and verse, the man whom fools judge to be inferior in this or that kind simply because he was proficient in almost every one, the most inexhaustibly fertile of modern imaginations, the most naturally skilful of modern talents, the hardest worker, the most genial playfellow, the kindest heart, and the largest though the least pretentious brain of two centuries, - in other words, and to drop a clumsy and useless periphrase, Sir Walter Scott, seems to have been responsible for refreshing fiction with this as with many other devices. Kennaquhair has been noticed; Waverley itself, the very beginning of his work, in word making, is hardly if at all less happy, though it may be feared that a very large proportion of readers are not aware that it is an actual name of old standing, and perhaps not a very small proportion never connect it with the fact that the hero was " not exactly famous for knowing his own mind." Killancureit is not so happy as Kennaquhair, but it has to those who are acquainted with the oddities of Scotch nomenclature a certain false air of probability. In Clippurse and Hookem we fall quite back into the older and ruder style. The farms of the excellent Mrs. Margaret Bertram, Singleside, Loverless, Lie-alone, and so forth, rather tend to be classed in clearly good where they are and not else- this lower form; and with Lieutenant

the wit which he possessed in such remarkable measure in a very haphazard way in this direction as in others. There may be doubts about Fairservice, - it sounds as if it might have been a name; but Captain Coffinkey deserves I think place on quite the right side of the line; while the Devil's Dick of Hellgarth, that "gentle Johnstone" who frightened poor Oliver Proudfute so terribly, and Roger Wildrake, of Squattlesea Mere in the moist country of Lincoln, are far on that side. It might be an abuse of the reader's patience and the editor's space if one were to go through all the beloved volumes in quest of "speaking names;" but it is quite certain that in Scott they hold a position not to be paralleled before in respect of the two characteristics of being suggestive in meaning and at the same time not glaringly impressible or improbable as appellations. Stanchells for a jailer is one of the happiest; Goldthread for a mercer not quite one of the most happy; and the Rev. Simon Chatterly for a clergyman (if Scott had had a little more local knowledge of England he would have improved on this and made it Chatteris, unless by chance he had feared the effect on the Wemyss family) is better than Dr. Quackleben for a doctor. But a comparison of the most felicitous examples among these exhibits clearly enough what is aimed at by the practitioner in this kind: a little gentle appeal to the intelligent and risible faculties without quite such a demand on general credulity as is involved in the allegorical and the stage systems. Except in a dream one cannot well away with Mrs. Filth, even though she was "as merry as the maids;" it requires at least some share of what some persons are believed to call stage illusion to make one put up with Captain Absolute. But as for Waverley, the thing, even without the Gazetteer, makes no demand upon credulity at all; and there have been persons, by no means actual fools, who had never even thought of the certainly not deeply hidden meaning of Newcome. The practice in short gives a kind of additional relish to fiction; it is a little joke between author and reader not pushed obtrusively far, and yet establishing that feeling of mutual understanding and companionship in secrets which is so delightful to the poor human mind. Scott did not, however, teach this knack his model.

Taffril in the "Antiquary" we retire more | to his contemporaries and followers as a than half a century back to the days of rule. Miss Austen has nothing of it; her Smollett. Indeed it seems probable that demure and sedate humor (for there has Scott exercised the humor, the fancy, and been one woman who was a humorist) either not needing or not liking this masculine trick. Miss Edgeworth tried it now and then, but not eminently. It is needless to say that the Jameses (not that it is wished to insinuate any ignorant contempt of James) and their like did not attempt it. Peacock was very fond of speaking names; but he affected for the most part the broadly impossible kind, such as Mr. Anyside Antijack, Mr. Feathernest Derrydown, and so forth. His chief excursions in the more refined variety are, like the Foster, Jenkison, and Escot, of "Headlong Hall," elaborate puns in the veiled obscurity of a learned language, and were probably suggested by Rabelais, whose own work is the greatest storehouse of such things anywhere to be found. Still Glowry is excellent of its kind. Captain Marryat also, when he affects this kind of name at all, takes the straightforward line with his Simples and Easys on the one hand, his Disparts and his Muddles on the other. Dickens, as has been said, struck out for himself or borrowed from Fielding an entirely different trick, that of observing all the most out-of-the way names he could find in real life and using them up for his personages. It has been held, if not established, by inquirers into this sort of thing that not even the most impossible-sounding of Dickens's names is an actual coinage or invention.

It is scarcely necessary to go through the other novelists of the second quarter of the century - Theodore Hook, Bulwer, Lever, and the rest. For it may be said with pretty general safety that they made few if any experiments in the more elaborate kind of speaking or punning name, such instances as Jack Brag and Major Monsoon not coming properly within the definition. Disraeli was remarkably happy with Tadpole and Taper, less so with Mrs. Guy Flouncey. And so we come to the author who, refining upon Scott and devoting no small part of his own peculiar combination of thought and whim to the matter, has left us examples probably unapproachable and certainly unapproached by any of his own followers. Anthony Trollope, in such things as Sir Warwick Westend for Sir Stafford Northcote, and Mr. Pessimus Anticant for Carlyle, merely relapsed into comparatively childish things instead of following

gifts Thackeray's faculty for allusive nomenclature appeared early but not in its best or most matured condition. It is at first a little rudimentary: Yellowplush for a footman, Deuceace for a gambler, antic or mannerism, grew on the author as Roundhand for an accountant, though he lived, and the last paper but one that he amusing enough are not exactly master-pieces, and are quite of the old school. But their great author developed them, even as he developed the other ancient and somewhat infantine trick of misspelling, into something truly sublime. You may find examples in all stages throughout his works, in the most unexpected places as well as in the most expected, and sometimes arranged with a symmetrical and systematic whimsicality which is to be found nowhere else. Like certain great artists in other arts he makes his names in sets: beautiful names which lesser men would fondly preserve and repeat throughout a whole book, while this prodigal throws off a whole series of them for a mere parenthesis. Such is "Lady Crackenbury, Mrs. Chippenham, and Madame de la Cruchecassée, the French sec-retary's wife," where Mrs. Chippenham, thrown in with careless ease between the others, is what an enthusiastic Frenchman of 1830 would have called pyramidal. Who but Thackeray would have taken the trouble or spared the genius to make Thistlewood the family name of the house of Bareacres? or have flung away the Count von Springbock-Hohenlaufen on a single mention? or have not grudged to drop from the current pen MM. de Truffigny (of the Perigord Family)? Portansherry is not difficult, and is probably a reminiscence of Portanferry, for Thackeray was as true to Scott as it behoved the greatest genius of the second division of the century to be to the greatest genius of the first. But how noble, how plausible, is the house of "Tiler and Feltham, Hatters and Army Accoutrement Makers"! Nor to some tastes at any rate are those instances the least pleasing where the author seems to indulge in pure burlesque without any hidden meaning, as in the assembly which was attended by "the Duchess Dowager of Stilton, Duc de la Gruyère, Marchioness of Cheshire, Marchese Alessandro Strachino, Comte de Brie, Baron Schapzuger [Sic, but should it not be "Schabzieger"?], Chevalier Tosti," etc. And Mrs. Winkworth? And " Mrs. Hardyman, who had had out her thirteen sisters, daughters of a country

As is generally the case with such service"? and "Baron Pitchley and Grills-fts Thackeray's faculty for allusive no- by"? But we should have to construct a complete index nominum to the thirteen volumes in order to do justice to this subever wrote, the last that he ever finished, has that ingenious list of the Pall Mall Clubs which ends with the Ultratorium, so pleasantly and unexpectedly appended to

its neighbor.

There are, it is believed, some excellent persons, and a great number of persons not so excellent, to whom this sort of thing brings no comfort but the reverse. Their objection to these little jokes, these little words to the wise, between author and reader is part of a still larger objection which is felt by the same persons, or the same class of persons, to anything allusive or cryptic in literary style. Ill-natured but acute judges have set this down as closely connected with the immortal sentence of the immortal Scrub, as part of the general resentment which is felt at those who laugh consumedly where the jest is not clearly seen. It is certain, however, that the practice when pursued discreetly gives much delight to other persons who are perhaps better worth consulting; and that the whole subject of names and their appeal is a curious and a rather mysterious one. There is a critic, rather a ferocious critic in his way, who admits quite frankly that he is never a fair judge of any novel where the heroine is named Margaret, not because of any particular associations with any bearer of that name, but because the name itself exercises an automatic fascination on him and disposes him to shameless partiality. The feeling, though it once found a mistaken expression which gave rise to the long reign of the Lindamiras and the Bellarmines, is a perfectly genuine feeling. And as is the romantic attraction, so is the comic. It appeals to those to whom it does appeal and not to others; a sentence which may seem hopelessly unphilosophical, but which really contains the root of all critical philosophy. But though it is impossible to go behind these elemental sorceries, it is possible to draw some inferences about the way in which they usually make themselves most attractive. For instance, except in a very short story, a very capricious or glaring use of the "speaking name" would be usually anything but successful. curate, the Rev. Felix Rabbits, and mar- names of this class which have been used ried eleven of them, seven high up in the for constant recurrence in long novels have, since the refinement of the art at | any rate, been such as do not violently challenge recognition of their double meaning. Crawley, Newcome, Waverley, all these might be ordinary patronymics, with no agnominal appropriateness to the individual at all. The punning element in them is not teasing or obtrusive; it may suggest itself at right moments and a little heighten the interest, but that is all. If the more fantastic kind of suggestion is introduced, it must be, as we have seen in commenting on Thackeray's practice, introduced but casually and not too much relied on. It is a hors d'œuvre, not a GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE ETHICS OF CANNIBALISM.

I THINK it is probable that the circumstances which brought about the transformation of a genus of anthropoid apes into upright, self-conscious, enterprising man, made our early human ancestors chiefly carnivorous in their diet, and, I also suspect, ἀλλήλοφαγοι, or "eaters of one another." \* The existing apes and monkeys are mainly vegetarians in their natural state, more, it would seem, because plantfood is the easiest and most accessible form of nourishment they can obtain in their present conditions of life. Still they are much more carnivorous and general in their dietary than students of natural history formerly imagined. Most monkeys and baboons are insectivores; some, such as the Colobus vellerosus - a beautiful, thumbless, black and white, long haired monkey of west Africa—are exceedingly fond of spiders, grubs, and even scorpions. All the Simiida will eat eggs, and I scarcely know of any, in the old world, which will not eagerly devour meat or fish when they can get it, though I admit they prefer it cooked, and will often reject it when raw, thus showing the vague longing for a cuisine which must have unconsciously urged on early man in his experiments with fire. Still, I can recall no authenticated case of monkeys or apes deliberately attacking, killing, and eating

members of their own species or tribe, and it is probable that they are never guilty of "allelophagy." Not that they are deterred by moral scruples, but the idea has not occurred to them, they not being, so to speak, professional carni-vores. But when Protanthropos found himself by changed climatic conditions or enforced emigration less and less well provided with the fruits of the soil, and increasingly compelled to adopt other means of sustenance than digging up edible roots, biting off new leaf-shoots, gathering nuts and fruits, or tearing open the crowns of unfolding herbs or palms, to devour the edible heart of the crucifer or the endogen, then he was forced in the struggle for existence to nourish himself on fish, flesh, and towl, insects, molluscs, spiders - whatever form of nutritive matter he could find to satisfy his hunger. He became a more effective beast of prey than the sabre-toothed tiger or the cave-bear; for his cunning and his resort to artificial weapons stood him in better stead than the six-inch-long canines of Machærodus and the sickle-like claws of Ursus spelæus. And why not, when he could reproduce the tiger's fangs with his sharpened flints, and the knock-down blow of the grizzly bear with his tree-branch studded with thorns or twig-spikes, or set with razor-edged shells; and when he could superadd to these extraneous aids the snare, the pitfall, and the choice of opportunity? To the dim, confused conscience of earliest man the murder of his fellow-man was no more a shock than the attacking and devouring of a wounded wolf would be to his hungry fellow-wolves. No doubt, long before man was quite determined as a species or a genus, there existed among his progenitors the same vaguely defined "tribal" idea which is so marked in the baboons, and which to a certain extent influences the condition of most species of apes and monkeys. The advantages and duties of combination must have been even more evident and understood by him - by his very raison d'être - than they are by the intelligent African baboons which in their little tribal communities protect and assist one another, though thay may attack and kill strangers from other alien families or tribes. Early man, compelled for purposes of self-defence and effectual attack to subordinate individual rivalry to a combination of his brothers and sisters and cousins against the attacks of wild beasts or of hostile fellow-men, or to carry out a successful raid on a coveted feeding-

<sup>\*</sup> I venture to coin a term "allelophagi," analogous to "anthropophagi," which latter, together with "canibal," does not meet the want of a word expressing a phrase which seems to our ideas a breach of the elementary principles of social economy even among the lower animals, viz., where members of the same species devour each other—where wolf eats wolf, shark eats shark, and a wounded crow is pecked to pieces and devoured by other crows.

some elephant or wild bull, would soon acquire the conviction that it was inexpedient - and consequently wrong gratuitously to murder a fellow-tribesman, unless under overpowering individual provocation - such as the attempt on the part of an uncle to share a hoard of oysters, or the too marked attentions of a cousin to one's courted bride. Consequently a social condition would be reached similar to that of most existing savage races, wherein there is normally peace and security among the members of a tribe, but where no obligations to humanity in general, to extra-tribal mankind, are recognized. It therefore follows that in this stage of morality it is not wrong to kill a fellow-human if he does not belong to your community. Nay, more, it is meritorious; for pristine man and the existing savage was and is penetrated by a vague understanding of this terrible struggle for existence in which we are involved, and so far from framing such a proverb as "The more, the merrier," he would find satisfaction in killing a stranger by the feeling that it meant one more rival out of the way - one more competitor for food, and space, and the right to reproduce, got rid of. Once you have killed your man, reasons the modern savage, and no doubt reflected primeval humanity, once the initial crime, if crime, is committed, why neglect such good food, why not eat your slain enemy? These low human types would be as little influenced by sentimental considerations at first as a hungry lion or a half-starved hyæna. Man's flesh, to them, would be as other flesh; perhaps, however, more nourishing, tender, and savory. Beginning accidentally as occasional cannibals, without the deliberate correlation of the killing and eating, these savages would soon become so enamored of this food-supply — a meat so easily obtained as contrasted with the wearisome and precarious chase of wild animals - that they would eventually de-liberately hunt and kill their fellow-men who were strangers to their tribe or community, for the sole purpose of feasting on their flesh. And there is no question that, to their thinking, man's meat must be supremely delicious, or else why do so many African tribes undertake regular cannibalistic raids when their country is bountifully provided by nature with easily obtained food, such as edible roots, berries, nuts, all manner of game in the forests and fish in the rivers? Captain

ground, or to pursue and do to death | State, who resided for one or two years among the Bangala of the upper Congo, and effected such wonders in gaining their friendship and confidence, and in winning them over to military service under the Free State government, gives in his recent book graphic descriptions of the frequent warlike expeditions undertaken by one section of the Bangala against other kindred and adjoining tribes, seemingly for the sole object of obtaining human flesh to eat. And yet, as he points out, their country is well provided with a variety of vegetable food and domestic animals, such as fowls, dogs, goats, and sheep, to say nothing of an incredible abundance of fish in their land of lakes and rivers. The same observation holds good about the Monbuttu on the upper Welle, of whom we have had such vivid descriptions from Dr. Schweinfurth and Emin Pasha. In this pleasant land of gentle-mannered, sunny-tempered people, where the loveliness of surrounding nature seems to impart a joyance to the native life and a keen appreciation of beauty, which provokes a decided æsthetic development of decorative art; in this country of stately forests, where the vivid scarlet of a parrot's tail-feathers, or the bluegreen and purple harmony of the plantaineater's plumage, or the cream-white flowerbracts of a mussænda, and the graceful poise of a swaying oil-palm, appear to excite a keen sense of pleasure in the native mind - in this land of beauty and abundance, cannibalism is as established, practical, and ordinary a custom as our eating beef, mutton, and pork in England. In Monbuttuland droves of slaves and captives are herded and fatted like catile against killing-day. So is it to a great extent among the Manyema people, whose occasional relapses into anthropophagy, even while serving as porters in explorers' caravans on the upper Congo, have excited somewhat exaggerated horror among the Europeans who reported the news. I say exaggerated, because the Europeans in question dated their reports from the Bangala district, almost in sight of cannibal repasts which took place from time to time without exciting much comment. This phase of cannibalism is, in fact, one of sheer gourmandise, and is chiefly confined to the savages of Africa, whose lands are well supplied with food, and it scarcely applies to the more sombre eating of man's flesh which takes place in Polynesia and Australia, and arises rather from deficient food or meat-supply, or from Coquilhat, an official of the Congo Free religious motives, than from a depraved liking for this particular kind of flesh. Acts of cannibalism, it would appear, often occur among the Australian savages which are prompted by principles of econ-omy and thrift, and are in no way inspired by sentimental considerations nor by a spirit of boastful savagery, such as that which occasionally incites the Chinese, or the North-American Indians, or the Arabized east-Africans, to devour the hearts or livers of their slain enemies. That very interesting compilation, "The Races of Australia," edited by Mr. E. M. Curr, gives us a vivid impression of the severely practical, the brutally materialistic nature of the native Australian. In the hard life he has to lead - or had to lead, in the days when his tribal laws and regulations were framed - in a semi-desert, poor, unproductive country (as nature made it), he has been obliged to turn to account every source of food supply which is naturally provided, for he is too brutish to have practised agriculture, and having never risen above the hunter stage - the lowest of all human conditions, the most purely animal — he has scarcely attempted to exercise that deliberate interference with the natura! conditions of his environment which elsewhere has so vastly modified human surroundings, and has enabled the superior races of mankind to supplement with art what is lacking in nature. The dearth of food with which the Australian is always threatened urges him not to repudiate any form of flesh which may come in his way, and consequently the bodies of those who may be accidentally killed would, in most cases, be devoured by their hungry friends or fellow-tribesmen. It is naïvely remarked in the work I have referred to - " The Races of Australia" - that "if a fat man fell from a tree and broke his neck, he would certainly be eaten." So also, among certain tribes, which in addition to taking the most stringent measures to limit the privilege of procreation to a few males in the commu nity, allow the fathers and mothers to kill off such of their children as seem unfit or unnecessary. The bodies of the children so killed are eaten by the father or male relatives. The mother does not abstain from sentiment, but because she is not allowed by the men to share such toothsome viands; for, strange to say, both in Africa and Australia women are often precluded from eating human flesh because their selfish, overbearing mates think it too good to be lavished on the weaker sex.

The native races of Australia are so low in the scale, so brutelike in their unre-

claimed condition, that it is hardly more reasonable to blame them for their utilitarian cannibalism than it would be to animadvert severely on the immorality of monkeys or the ferocity of wolves. But the African - a vigorous race of men, more rational, more susceptible to improvement, and remarkable for the facility with which he can assimilate the civilization that is thrust on him - deserves rigorous punishment when he persists in eating the flesh of his own species notwithstanding the bountiful supplies of other food his continent supplies. I never so thoroughly appreciated the "unnecessary" character of this African anthropophagy as during an exploration of the upper Cross River\* in the early part of the present year. My canoe had been stopped, and I had been "captured" and carried on shore by a noisy, boisterous band of natives. They meant me no harm, but objected to my visiting the tribe beyond them, with whom they were at war. Their country bore a singularly prosperous appearance, with its tidy plantations of yams, sweet potatoes, groundnuts, collocasia arums, manioc, Indian corn, and bananas; and the large herds of sleek cattle and the numerous sheep, goats, fowls, and Muscovy ducks. So abundant was food, and so exceptional were these Africans in their hospitality, that in the course of two days they had filled my canoes with twelve hundred yams, † a number of corn-cobs, fowls, ducks, sheep, and goats, until I had to cry, " Hold ! enough," because the canoes were dangerously overloaded. Moreover, they presented a large bullock to my Kruboys. Any one who knows Africa and the natural stinginess of the negro will realize how abundant must have been the local food supply to account for such easy generosity as this. Yet in this land of plenty the people craved for human flesh, to obtain which they were constantly fighting with their neighbors. But a little while before my arrival a successful "bag" of captives had been made, a feast had taken place, and, as a relic of the abundance, there was a smoke-dried human leg hanging from the rafters in the chief's hut where I sat and parleyed, which swayed to and fro over the smoking brands on the clay hearth. Lower down the Cross River, in the district of Enyon (part of the Ibo

<sup>\*</sup> The Cross River is an important stream which rises in the plateau south of the River Binue, and enters the Gulf of Guinea, on the west coast of Africa. † These yams are so large that one and a half forms a sufficient daily ration even for a hungry Kruboy.

country), about the most cold-blooded of our enemies in warfare or the execution cannibalism is reported to exist which I have ever heard of. Youths are purchased at the interior slave-markets, and are dealt with as we deal with the young sheep and oxen which we turn into wethers and bullocks - are deliberately unsexed so that they may fatten quicker, and are then fed upon yams and nourishing food till they are ready for the feast. Horrible and incredible as this statement may appear, it is one that I make on good authority; and this phase of cannibalism has also, I believe, come under the notice of certain traders and missionaries of Old Calabar who have visited the district I

There is little doubt that the abrupt cessation of the exportation of slaves, which was brought about on the west coast of Africa by British intervention, temporarily increased the prevalence of cannibalism in the Oil Rivers and Niger delta.\* Having no longer a profitable market for their war-captives and criminals, the natives have found it more convenient to consume them than to let them eat the bread of idleness and cumber the ground; for the domestic slaves in these parts seem ingly will not work for their living; they oppose to all threats and coercion a dogged resistance of stubborn idleness that nothing can overcome. Slave labor in Africa is a broken reed to rely on. We want the vigorous, cheerful work of free, willing men, like Kruboys and Zan-

For the cannibalism of the epicure, of the kind I have just described, no shadow of an excuse can be found in our view of morality. Indeed, all forms of cannibalism wherein the victim is killed to be eaten are inadmissible in a state of civilization based on our code of laws, and sharing our conception of right and wrong, from the fact that they involve a preliminary crime. Human life, in the dominant form of civilization, and in the most advanced public opinion of the present day, is becoming increasingly sacred and precious - so much so that we can hardly realize that it is not a hundred years since our cruel ancestors hanged men and women for small robberies, forgeries, and uttering false coin, and it is with difficulty, and only by the necessity of self-preser-

of a murderer - one who has rightly forfeited his life by depriving another of the inestimable privilege of living. But in Africa, many parts of Asia, in Polynesia and Australia, much less importance is attached to the value of human life, and the murder of a stranger, an outsider of the tribe, is rather a matter for glorification. I blame these cannibals less for the eating of the flesh of their own species, which from their point of view is utilizing good food, than for the initial and unpardonable crime of murder. In my own case I know I should bitterly resent being killed, but once dead it would not only be a matter of indifference to me, but it would be a source of actual satisfaction to know that my earthly tenement had found sepulture in the bodily systems of my fellow-humans - that my component atoms, or a good proportion of them, had re-entered on active work in society, so to speak, with such a pleasant abruptness, instead of being doomed to absorption by a mixed myriad of lower forms of life. How much more agreeable the prospect of having one's mortal remains consumed by a restless, enterprising hyæna or a soaring vulture (the beautiful Parsi notion) than to languish in the inactive forms of cemetery flowers and evergreen shrubs! It is this consideration which leads me to mention a beautiful and sentimental form of cannibalism now almost extinct, but which prevailed originally in parts of Asia, America, and Africa, where, as anciently among the Issedones of central Asia (teste Herodotus) and the Tibetans some six centuries ago, the bodies of those who died were reverently reduced to an edible paste and consumed by their relatives and friends. This practice may not be consonant with our ideas and scruples, but no one can refuse to admit its exquisite pathos and susceptibility for poetic treatment. The loving absorb all that is mortal of the loved one, and the latter in dying has the happy assurance that his or her dissolving molecules will not be scattered to the four winds of heaven, but will acquire new being in the old haunts and amid the attendant circumstances of their former activity. This conception must have proved strangely attractive to the metempsychosic mind of vation, that we can sanction the destruction savage and semi-civilized man; but in some countries, and under ruder conditions of life, it lost much of its poetry and assumed a more brutal and practical form. "If," argued pristine and savage humanity, somewhat put to it to find suffi-

This much must be said in palliation of the Mohammedan slave-raiders, that they often break up communities of inveterate cannibals, and that once Mohammedanized the negro regards cannibalism with

cient subsistence, "If it is right and proper and economical to consume the bodies of the deceased, why wait till they die naturally? Why not forestall the inevitable, put them painlessly out of their misery, and reabsorb them into the bosom of the family?" So it resulted in a curious phase of social economy, which prevails and prevailed in parts of Africa, Australia, and Polynesia (more especially in districts where food was scarce), where no old people were seen by the inquiring traveller, who learnt that as soon as they arrived at decrepitude they were painlessly killed and found a ready tomb in the maws of the young and middle-aged members of the tribe.\* As the weakly children were also consumed by their parents, the community must have seemed always in a state of vigor, with a society forever in

the prime of life. Although they are never accused of superadding cannibalism to "senicide," still the ancient Sardi of Sardinia regarded it as a sacred and solemn duty for the young to kill their old relations when they were verging on dotage; and several classical authors give us a graphic and in some instances a pathetic description of the old mother knowing that her time had come, cheerfully and resignedly making preparation for her burial, and when all was ready, the grave dug, the funeral feast prepared, summoning her friends and relatives, and exhorting her weeping son to be of good courage, to strike hard and wince because the deed was painful to his filial feelings. Despite the tribal instinct which among many of the more highly developed birds and mammals prompts a spirit of camaraderie and mutual help among the fellow-members of each community, and which intensifies the beautiful unselfish love of parents towards their offspring, we see but little respect or sympathy shown towards the aged and effete, who are either killed and eaten, or cast out of the tribe and left to starve. In very early human society there was probably no deliberate, organized slaying and consuming of the older, weaker members of the community, but such deeds were sporadic, so to speak, and what the French would call "regrettable incidents." Brutish Protanthropos, perhaps, has been ranging the wintry woods all day in vain quest of game, and returns to the tribal cave, vaguely cross, in a dull, unreasoning

• Vide Monteiro's "Angola and the River Congo," "The Races of Australia," and most writers on the Pacific islands and New Guinea.

way, and keenly hungry. By the smouldering fire lies a still uncracked marrowbone remaining from the last repast, and this he is about greedily to seize, perhaps, when to his anger and disappointment it is snatched from his extended hand by an old, lean aunt. An angry dispute takes place, for the aunt will not forego her hold on the bone, and much-provoked and hungry Protanthropos yields to brute rage and cracks her skull with a stone axe or fells her with a firebrand. Then follows an indistinct remorse, and a dull con-sciousness that he has done wrong. There is a clamor of shrieking female relatives and a growling protest among the men; but after a while the outcry ceases, and Protanthropos recovers his spirits. It is agreed that the deed is irregular - a sin against the community; but there, it is done, and the aunt lies dead. "What shall we do with her body?" asks some one. "Eat it," boldly suggests her hungry nephew, and without much more ado the slain aunt is hastily broiled and her bones are amicably picked in the family circle. This is a fatal precedent. When next the horde is hungry a quarrel is fixed on an old uncle, and he is killed and consumed; then grandfather and grandmother severally meet with "accidents," and are likewise absorbed, until at length it passes into a rule that all the elders of the tribe, when they become toothless or tiresome, when they lose their cunning in the chase or are slow at kindling fires and preparing surely with the sacrificial club, and not to food, shall be slain and eaten by their relatives.

> Cruel as this practice is, and opposed as it may be to the principles which guide our social morality, it is interesting from a philosophical point of view to reflect on the effect it would have on the dispositions of the older members of our civilized communities. If, like certain tribes in west and south-west Africa, or in Australia, it was our custom to immolate and reduce to a kind of sublime Liebig's extract all the aged folk who showed unmistakable signs of failing powers, how preternat-urally quickened would become the faculties of our elderly relatives! How they would wax in amiability as they waned in strength! What pathetic anxiety they would display to make clear to their crit-ical kinsfolk how spry and active, how cheerful, willing, and attentive they re-mained, despite the failing sight, the whitening hair, the stiffened gait! In humble circles, Mrs. Gummidge would cease all reference to the "old "un," and though her gaiety might be a little forced,

amiability would long stave off her inevitable doom. And when we ourselves, as our years increased and middle age hasten to repair the breaches of time, to foster and retain as long as possible our vigorous juvenility of mind and body? Should we not tend to become Liberal rather than Conservative in our old age, and so increase in sweetness of disposition and broad-minded charity towards all when our failing powers could hold out no longer, and a doctor's certificate compelled our reluctant relatives to do their duty, it would be with a feeling of sincere regret that they put an end to our individual existence and ingested the essential extract of our mortal remains? Perhaps in a more advanced intellectual state than that we are in at present, we might view such a fate, such a culmination to our life and labors with resignation, caring less for individual than collective existence, and, with a rare unselfishness that at present we can only dimly appreciate, sinking our personal interests in the advancement of communal welfare. In a condition of thought like this a conscientious person who telt himself effete would offer himself up for reabsorption by those around him who had not spent their energies. Thus the pension-list would be greatly reduced and the community kept at a certain level of vigor. But I confess, being myself still unregenerate, still selfishly attached to all that I call my own, my ego, incomplete and unsatisfactory though it be, I am thankful to think that our moral code is based on different lines from those which guide sections of African and Australian society, and which with little doubt were religiously followed by the communities of earliest man. I find comfort in looking forward to an old age of rest and leisure and undisturbed tranquillity; a quiet fading away into an unconscious senility which shall lessen the terror of dissolution, even though in my lingering I cumber the ground and serve no useful purpose.

With a growing belief in a soul, in a vital principle animating the body which can be disconnected from the visible substance, the practice of cannibalism is diversely affected. On the one hand, the increased sanctity of man's body brought about by the conception of its spiritual tenant has tended to abolish anthropophagy as an unpardonable insult to the body, which the soul would remember and re- purpose of eating.

still her unceasing industry and unvarying | venge; on the other hand, it has incited several varieties of sacred, symbolic cannibalism, which are based on a belief in the immortality of man. One view taken lay behind us, felt the first warnings of is a curiously negative one - it is thought approaching decrepitude, should we not that by eating a man you consume his soul utterly, and so finish him now and hereafter, and that therefore such a consummation is the most awful revenge you can inflict on your enemy. So when, three or four years ago, there was a tribal conflict at Brass, in the Niger delta, some of the attacked, who were nominal Chrismen that when the inevitable day came tians, ate portions of the bodies of those whom they had slain, thinking thus to deprive them of the boon of future existence.\* This, no doubt, was also the motive that prompted the recent cannibal outbreak at Okrika, when the Okrikans devoured over a hundred of their enemies belonging to the adjoining Ogoni tribe. Thus, where the cannibalism takes the form of sacrifices offered to gods, it was believed - as recently in Fiji and anciently in Mexico - that if the priests ate the visible human body, the gods, by analogy, consumed the intangible soul. Indeed, many systems of human sacrifice in different parts of the world have been based on anthropophagic principles, though no actual eating of the victim's flesh may have taken place, because gentler manners and intellectual refinement have etherealized the idea. Thus it has often occurred in the past history of Europe and Asia, and in modern Africa, that whereas theoretically a human being is sacrificed to the ogre god or goddess, the victim is really represented by an animal -a camel, horse, ox, sheep, goat, or fowl - a descending scale that typifies a waning faith in the efficacy of the sacrifice. During some recent work in west Africa a certain native chief was anxious to prevent my explorations of such creeks and rivers as led to trading-districts which he desired to remain unknown. verbal dissuasion unavailing, and not liking to have recourse to physical force, he tried, as a last and somewhat despairing resort, to place supernatural obstacles in my way; so he directed that at the entrance to these forbidden creeks a live

<sup>\*</sup> When this incident was first brought to our notice many unjust animadversions were made on the work of many unjust animadversions were made on the work of missionaries in those regions because some of these native Christians turned cannibals. It was not borne in mind that "what is bred in the bone comes out in the flesh;" that you cannot turn wolves into sheep-dogs in one generation; and that whereas these so-called Christians ate those whom they had killed in self-defence, they would, before they came under missionary influence, have attacked and killed for the purpose of eating.

white fowl (lowest and cheapest sacrifice) | should be suspended from a palm-stake. Consequently I was frequently surprised and pleased at what I thought was a graceful token of hospitality posted at different points of my journey, and never failed to turn the fowl to account in my bill of fare. After this manner of disposing of the fowlfetish had occurred several times, and yet I remained unpunished for my temerity by the local gods, the natives gave up further opposition to my journeys as futile and expensive. In talking this over on my return with one of the more advanced chiefs of the district, my native friend shook his head half humorously, half seriously, over the decay of religious belief. A white fowl, he said, was "poor man's juju;" a few years ago it would have been a white goat, and in his father's time a white bey (albino negro), spitted on a stake to bar the way, and this last would have been a sacrifice that might well have moved the local gods of wold and stream to intervene; but a white fowl! O tempora! O mores!

In its mystic character cannibalism forms a part, either actually or theoretically, of the initiative ceremonies or sacred rites of African freemasonry and secret societies. The partaking of human flesh, generally prepared in a kind of paste mixed with condiments and kept in a quaintly carved wooden box, and eaten with round spoons of human bone, constitutes a bond of union between the confederates, and is also employed as a pledge of friendship between suspicious strangers or whilom enemies, or accompanies the making of a solemn declaration or the taking of the oath. But although these gruesome rites still linger in the holes and corners' of unexplored savagery, they are fast disappearing or softening into a metaphorical celebration.

The eating of man's flesh, which was, no doubt, once more or less prevalent among all savage races, from motives of hunger or Malthusian principles, and which existed as an emblematic rite in religions of the past and low-grade beliefs of the present day, is now confined in its endemic form to limited areas in western-central Africa, uncolonized Australia, parts of Polynesia, New Guinea, Sumatra, and possibly the heart of the Malay Peninsula and Formosa, and also to the Tierra del Fuegians and a few wild Indian tribes in Bolivia, the Amazons valley, and the back of Venezuela, in South America.

extirpated unhesitatingly by our disgusted civilization. Whether it will ever be revived is fortunately a question rather to be considered a thousand years hence than now, when and if the population of the earth shall have so increased at its present ratio that the statesmen of the period may find themselves confronted by the problem of organizing State-aided emigration to the other planets of the solar system, or sanctioning a certain limited consumption of the effete and unfit by the young and vigorous members of the commonwealth. H. H. JOHNSTON.

### From Temple Bar. A RECEPTION AT ALFRED DE VIGNY'S.

"On Wednesdays, from two to six, you will always find me at home and happy to see you," was the courteously worded invitation I received from the author of "Cinq Mars" one morning in March, 1844. I had been introduced to him a short time before by a mutual friend, and was naturally desirous of improving my acquaintance with one of the brightest ornaments of contemporary literature; more especially as he seldom mixed in general society, and, except on the afternoons specified in his note, saw little or no company. On the ensuing Wednesday, therefore, I betook myself to the Rue des Ecuries d'Artois, where the poet and his wife occupied a modest apartment on the second floor; only two persons had al-ready arrived, but of them more anon.

Count Alfred de Vigny was then in his forty-fifth year, having been born in 1799. He was a native of Touraine, the "garden of France," and had served in the army, his father's profession, for fourteen years: a career singularly ill suited to his taste, his experience of which forms the principal subject of his excellent work, "Servitude et grandeur militaires." was short in stature, rather under than above the middle height, with a slight figure, small but keenly expressive eyes, and light hair tinged here and there with grey which he wore down his back à la jeune France. His manner was that of a courtly gentleman, quiet and reserved in ordinary conversation, but when animated, relaxing from its habitual gravity, and readily adapting itself to the humor of those around him. He spoke English grammatically, but with a strong accent, Before many years are past, however, and had evidently made our language the cannibalism will cease to exist anywhere, object of long and patient study. On my

of your own, and from Shakespeare.

Madame de Vigny, who looked much older than her husband, and was manifestly an invalid, bore no trace whatever of patrician origin, and infinitely more resembled a housekeeper than a countess; nothing could be more homely than her appearance and the extreme simplicity of her dress, nor, after the first salutation to each new comer, did she, except when personally addressed, utter a single word within my hearing during the entire after-The room in which the guests were received was small and plainly furnished, and, barring a couple of framed water-color drawings on the wall, and a few paper-covered books on a table in a corner, was absolutely bare, and contrasted strangely with the lofty and tapestried salon of Victor Hugo, and the lavishly decorated boudoirs of the fashionable lady writers of the day. The kindly greeting of the host, however, more than compensated for the lack of luxury in his surroundings; and I soon felt as thoroughly at home in his unpretending retreat as if I had enjoyed the privilege of frequenting it for years.

I have said that the arrival of two other visitors had preceded my own; these were the brothers Emile and Antony Deschamps, both intelligent-looking, though far from handsome, and well known in the literary world; the first as a general writer, and translator (conjointly with Alfred de Vigny) of "Romeo and Juliet;" and the second as one of the most promising young poets of the romantic school. After some talk on indifferent subjects, Emile Deschamps amused us with an anecdote of Alexandre Dumas.

"You know," he said, "the aversion he has to his namesake Adolphe Dumas, the author of 'Le Camp des Croisés,' whose great ambition is to be regarded by the world at large as a relative of his more eminent colleague. Well, I was talking yesterday to Alexandre, when up came Adolphe, eager to join in the conversation, and looking, if possible, more insufferably self-satisfied than usual. Our friend received his advances coldly enough, but that did not check him in the least; on the contrary, he began a flaming eulogium of Alexandre's last book, 'Le Maître d'Armes,' which I dare say you have read."

De Vigny nodded assent.
"'Ah,' he went on, 'in future ages people will acknowledge that the nineteenth 'Pray go on,' said the vicomte compla-

asking him where he had learnt it, he re- | century had its two Dumas, as the sevenplied, "From my wife, who is a compatriot | teenth had its Pierre and Thomas Corneille!'

"'Very likely,' replied my companion with killing gravity, taking my arm and preparing to cross the Boulevard. 'Until then, Monsieur Thomas, I have the honor of wishing you good day!"

As he finished speaking, Madame Anaïs Ségalas was announced, and a lady, apparently on the sunny side of forty, whose dark lustrous eyes and singularly clear complexion sufficiently denoted her Creole origin, entered the room. She was evidently a favorite, both with the host and hostess, and, as I afterwards learnt, had recently published a volume of verse, entitled "Les Oiseaux de Passage," which had attracted the notice of the Academy, and established her reputation as one of the rising poetesses of the day. she had been installed in a seat by the fire, she apologized for her absence on the preceding Wednesday, laying the blame on Madame Ancelot, who had paid her an unconscionably long visit, and wearied her to death by her intolerable conceit. "I will give you an example," she said: "we were talking of the silly compliments we women often receive in society, and I remarked how wanting in a propos they generally were. 'Not always,' she replied; 'now and then they hit the right nail on the head. For instance, the other evening at Madame Flora Tristan's, I was sitting by an old diplomatic celebrity, a most intelligent man, who told me that my eyes were my most attractive feature, because they reflected my esprit, like those of Madame de Staël. How he discovered the resemblance, added Madame Virginie, 'I did not enquire; but I assure you it gave me great pleasure to hear him say so, for it was perfectly true."

"That reminds me," said Antony Deschamps, "of our tiresome acquaintance, the Vicomte d'Arlincourt. When his last novel - would it were the last! - came out, Roger de Beauvoir, wishing to ascertain what amount of flattery the author of 'Le Solitaire' was capable of swallowing, purposely threw himself in his way, and congratulated him warmly on the success of his new production, enthusiastically dilating on the absorbing interest of the plot, the admirably contrasted characters, and the picturesque originality of the style. When he had exhausted every imaginable term of laudation, fearing that he might have gone too far and aroused the other's suspicion, he stopped short. cently, 'your views exactly coincide with my own. Indiscriminate praise has no charm for me; but there is always some-

thing to be gained by listening to truth."

Meanwhile, our party had been augmented by the arrival of a tall and extremely thin personage, stooping slightly, and peering through an eye-glass attached to a black ribbon. From the portraits I had seen of him I immediately recognized the actor Bocage, the original representa-tive of "Antony," and of Buridan in "La Tour de Nesle;" and was much gratified when De Vigny presented me to him as a young Englishman specially interested in the drama, and engaged in collecting materials for a work on the Parisian stage. He was then unoccupied, having quitted the Theatre Français shortly before the first appearance of Mademoiselle Rachel, and the consequent revival of the classic repertory; and, as might be expected, was no great admirer of either. "Que voulezvous?" he said, "since the new star has taken the town by storm, nothing goes down but Corneille and Racine; and we poor interpreters of Hugo, Dumas, and our worthy host, Marie Dorval and I, are as completely forgotten as the master-pieces we helped to create! Is it not so, count? Would 'Marion de Lorme' or 'Chatterton' have a chance of success beside 'Horace' and 'Andromaque' galvanized by a declamatory novice?"

"You are unjust, Bocage," replied De Vigny; "Corneille and Racine are the glories of France, and Mademoiselle Rachel is unquestionably a great actress. Rest assured, however, that the day will come when the worth of what is now neglected will be fully appreciated, and that neither you nor we will have labored

in vain."

" Maybe so," muttered the actor; "but

I shall not live to see it."

"Did you hear Madame Sophie Gay's answer to Viennet?" asked Madame Ségalas, whom this discussion did not appear to interest. "The grand sec was in one of his savage humors, and abused everybody, especially Lamartine, who, he declared, was terribly overrated, and a very indifferent poet. Madame Gay immediately took up the cudgels in defence of her favorite author, and sharply retorted: 'If he is not the best poet we have, he is certainly not the worst; that place, Monsieur Viennet,' looking him full in the face as she spoke, 'is taken already!'"

"Posterity," said Antony Deschamps, "will decide which deserves the first place, Lamartine or Hugo. Do you re- ing on account of his absence.

member," he continued, addressing our host, "the letter received by Victor, bearing no other address than the words, 'To

the greatest poet in France '?"
"Perfectly," answered th the count. "Hugo forwarded it to Lamartine in the Rue de l'Université, and he in his turn sent it back to the Place Royale. Which of the two finished by opening it was never known, for the story goes no fur-

"Is Monsieur Nodier likely to be here

to-day?" inquired Bocage.

"I fancy not," replied De Vigny. "Poor Nodier is generally too hard up towards the end of the month to think of his friends. Money melts in his hands like snow in June, and neither he nor any one else has the slightest idea what becomes of it. Some years ago, he was on the point of emigrating to Russia, where a lucrative post as librarian had been offered him; and agreed to go, provided that a certain sum were advanced to enable him to pay his debts. A month or two later, Charles Didier met him lounging on the Boulevard.

"'How is this?' he said; 'I imagined you were at St. Petersburg!'"

"'Ah,' replied Nodier, 'the fact is, I had not sufficient funds for the journey. I started with ten thousand francs in my pocket, but somehow or other - I can't in the least conceive how it happened when I got to Brussels, I found I hadn't a sou of it left!""

"But here comes Sainte-Beuve," he added, as a short, stoutly-built individual with a singularly high forehead, on each side of which a scanty modicum of wiry hair was carefully brushed, bustled into the room; "he is Nodier's fidus Achates, and knows more about him than any one."

"Nodier!" exclaimed the new-comer, who had caught the last words. "I have just left him inconsolable, like Calypso, at having been done out of two hundred and fifty francs, the price agreed on between him and Charpentier for a preface he had written to one of Dumas's books. Our friend Charles, being as usual short of cash, had stipulated that the money should be sent to him as soon as possible; so Charpentier, who is very punctual in his payments, took it a day or two after to Nodier's rooms at the Arsenal, and finding only his wife, who, as you are aware, is as close-fisted as her husband is the reverse, delivered the sum to her, and returned to the Rue de Seine. On his arrival, he found Nodier fretting and fum-

" 'Here you are at last!' cried Charles. | 'I have been waiting all the morning for those two hundred and fifty francs.'

" 'You will find them at home,' replied Charpentier. 'I gave them to madame half an hour ago, and here is her receipt.'

"' Miséricorde!' shouted Nodier, in a paroxysm of despair; 'in that case, I shall never see a centime of them.'

"And," concluded the narrator, "taking madame's thrifty propensities into consideration, I am tolerably certain that he never will."

"Monsieur Sainte-Beuve," said Madame Ségalas, sipping a glass of lemonade, which, with a variety of syrups and cakes, had just been handed round, "what is that story Gustave Planche is telling about Victor Hugo and a barber?"

"Hardly worth repeating, madame," answered the author of "Volupté," "but at your service, such as it is. It seems that in the Rue Culture Ste. Catherine, near Hugo's house in the Place Royale, a hairdresser named Brassier has lately opened a shop on rather a large scale for the Marais."

"Brassier!" interrupted Bocage, "I know him. He was coiffeur at the Porte

St. Martin in my time."

"The same, no doubt," said Sainte-Beuve. "Well, Hugo and Planche, who lives somewhere in that quarter, both patronized him, and went regularly there to be shaved. One day Gustave happened to ask the tonsor how he was getting on.

"'Famously, monsieur,' was the reply. One of my lady customers has recommended me to several of her friends who are all going to employ me, thirty of them, and has given me a list of their names and addresses.'

"" Bravo!' said Planche, and went out, thinking no more about the matter.

" A day or two later he came in again, and during the process of shaving inquired of the operator how many of the thirty ladies he had already seen.

" ' Not one, monsieur,' sighed the hairdresser, looking the picture of misery; 'and all owing to Monsieur Victor Hugo.'

"'Victor Hugo! Why, what can be

have to do with it?'

"'Everything, monsieur, unfortunately for me. Soon after you left the other day he came in to be shaved, and sat down on the very chair you are occupying now. While I was adjusting the napkin, he took a pencil out of his pocket, laid hold of a sheet of paper that was lying on the table, and began to write, making a sign to me

minutes, but he only stopped writing to bite the end of his pencil, and then began again. Another customer having entered the shop, and my assistant being out on an errand, I ventured to tell Monsieur Hugo that I was greatly pressed for time, on which he looked up and quietly said, "So am I," put the paper in his pocket, and walked away without having been shaved at all.

"'The same evening I asked my assistant what had become of the list the lady had given me. "It was on the table this morning," he said; and then it struck me that Monsieur Hugo must have taken it. I hurried off to the Place Royale, and found him hard at work as usual. When I told him I had come for the paper, and

why I wanted it, he stared at me in astonishment.

"" What paper?" he inquired.

"'The paper you were writing on this morning,' I replied, 'which you took off the table in my shop.'

"" Ah," he said, "I remember now. When I came home, I had another idea which pleased me better; and as I had no further use for your paper -

"'You didn't burn it, monsieur?' "" I am sorry to say I did."

"' And as if that was not enough,' continued Brassier, 'the lady who wrote out the list for me is gone to Italy for the winter; and of all the names and addresses she gave me, I can't for the life of me recollect a single one!""

It was now nearly five o'clock, and, conscious that I had already overstepped the ordinary limits of a first visit, I profited by the termination of Sainte-Beuve's anec-dote to take leave of my genial host and taciturn hostess; while the rest of the party were deeply engaged in discussing whether Emile Deschamps's version of "Macbeth," with Bocage and Madame Dorval as the hero and heroine, should be brought out at the Odéon or at the Porte St. Martin.

CHARLES HERVEY.

From St. James's Gazette. A PLAGUE OF FLIES.

"MAGAS-KAH mard-i-shikam kai kardan" is a Persian proverb which means that "a small fly will upset a big man's stomach." In a small compass, you have in the fly as good an emetic as need be. that he was not ready. I waited full five Why the Persians adopted the above prov-

their cities and villages. In the festering filth which there abounds and increases, the fly finds a happy covert and huntingground. The fly, however, is not confined to Persia alone, for its gregariousness is proverbial. Those who took part in the Afghan campaign of '79-80 will have a lively recollection of the swarms of flies that infested the camps of Barrakab, Jellalabad, Pezwan, and Kabul. It was a common thing to see the whole camp of officers and men seized after meals with an attack of nausea, much as if they were on board a troop-ship in a storm in the Bay of Biscay. So great was the fly-plague during those memorable summers' campaign that it was found impossible to cook food without numbers of those pestiferous insects trailing their poisonous bodies over it and imparting to it an unpleasantly medicinal effect. Towards the end of summer the flies became languid, and, if possible, more loathsome; for they would light on one's face and hands. and hang there until they were literally brushed off. It was found impossible to drink tea or any other liquid without taking it from a bottle; and it was only with the greatest dexterity that one could pass the neck of the uncorked bottle into one's mouth without the flies gaining admission thereto. It would be difficult to express the amount of misery which they occasioned until winter set in and they made off in search of more congenial cli-

But as downright pests the sandflies of the Egyptian deserts take the palm. Fort Tel-el-Kebir, the day after the battle there in 1882, presented an extraordinary collection. It was the scene of a great and perhaps unsurpassed gathering of flies. It may be remarked that the Egyptian troops had neglected to bury their dead; in fact, the Egyptians had to take to their heels quite suddenly, and the British did not trouble to bury the enemy's dead, so that the bodies of the dead Arabs and Egyptians lay about the trenches and fort walls. Long before I got to the trenches I noticed a dark line distinctly visible on the otherwise bright sandy landscape, and as I got nearer the fort seemed to be covered with a dark pall. I could not account for this phenomenon at first, and at the instant it was suggestive of something supernatural. On nearer approach, however, at about a hundred and fifty yards distance from the dark mass, I heard distinctly a loud humming noise. As I ap-

erb is evident to any one who has visited proached nearer the sound increased in volume until it became a loud roar. was not until I was close to the black line that I could make out the cause. Then I could see the topmost flies as they hovered and dived above the lower strata. I could trace this black line of flies for a half mile or so on either side of me; and it rose like a thick curtain for some ten yards off the ground. Here is a calculation for some mathematician. A wall of flies one mile long, ten yards high, and forty yards wide; and the flies so thickly massed that they might be said to be rid-ing one on top of the other and brushing each other side by side. This black wall represented the line of dead Egyptians; and, certainly, if they were unburied they did not want for a pall. How I was to get through this cordon of flies was a doubtful problem. Time was pressing; and a party of Arabs were hanging behind and enjoying some nice ball practice with my pony and me for targets. To go around the flank of this fly-wall was out of the question; so I put spurs to my pony and urged him through. The brute refused several times, literally frightened by the hum and noise. At last I managed to get him "head on;" and never shall I forget my passage through those forty yards of flies. They presented such a firm front as we passed through that I could feel a heavy pressure — heavy enough to compel me instinctively to grip the saddle closer with my knees. I had to close mouth and eyes, and trust to chance to get straight through; and it was no easy matter to endure the horrible stench that emanated from the mass. My pony was so terrified that I could not pull him up until we had got some hundred yards beyond the black mass and out in the clear desert air again. I looked behind me now and again as I continued on my journey, and there in the blazing sun was the same dark pall - a distinct feature in the desert, and to me a hideous memory of flies. I may further mention that I passed by these same trenches a week after; and the dead bodies were still there - now black bloated masses, save that in some cases a black stain in the sand surmounted by a skeleton told where once there had been human flesh. But the fly hordes had gone; even they were satiated when there was nothing left but the animal juices. From this, too, I conclude that flies, however numerous, play but a small part in the dissolution of dead bodies; putrefaction under a hot sun

ing factor; but that the flies help the

process goes without question.

It would appear that the heat in some Oriental countries is a powerful agent in breeding fly ova; and as there is little shade or moisture elsewhere than in the village huts and by the village tanks and wells, the fly world, as a matter of course, make for the shade to escape from the broiling sun and the arid regions around; hence they are found about human habitations where they can not only get shade, but in the filth of both place and people find all they desire in the way of food. Evidently the fly is nature's great sanitary

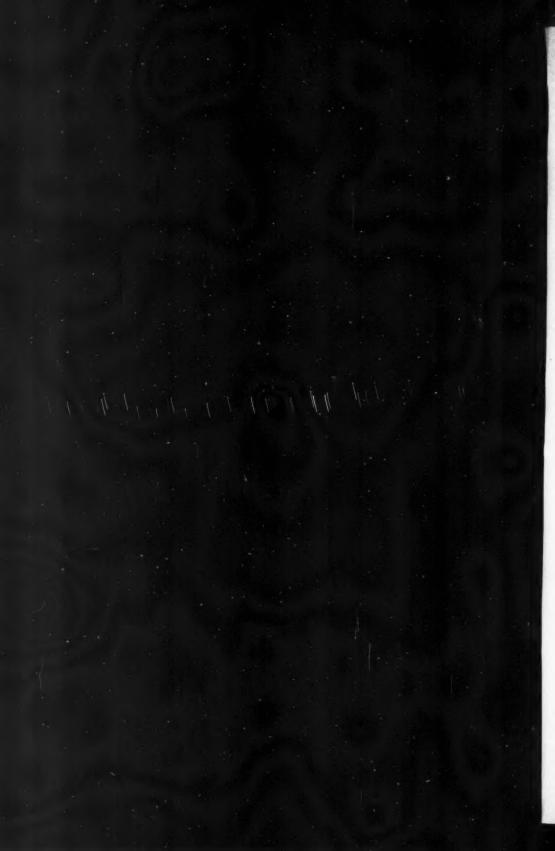
As to the travelling propensity of flies, any one who has travelled much with camps in the East must have noticed with what tenacity the fly hosts stick to the moving camp — baggage, camels, horses, and men being literally covered with them on the road from camp-ground to campground. Often, when travelling alone from one encampment to another in India, I have noticed the usual posse of flies following in my wake, or more often perched | dred miles.

is so rapid that the air is the great absorb- on me or my pony. Often have I galloped ahead to shake them off; but to no purpose - they can race for miles at a stretch, and keep up with a horse at a trot. You may shake them off by hard galloping for a time, but they will keep on the scent and overtake you by-and-by. I used to think at first that I had got rid of my tormentors after a long gallop, and that the flies that turned up when I drew rein were fresh relays; but I found out from observation that the flies that left one camp with me usually followed me to the next. Certainly those flies that leave one camp may be augmented by stragglers on the way, and some may fall out on the journey; but the bulk keep with the traveller throughout the distance. The most interesting experiment I ever tried with flies was to catch a dozen or so, and give them a bath in cochineal, thus dyeing them red, and then to look out for the red flies, when I got to the camps ahead. In this way I was astonished to find one or two of the number appearing day by day, and at least half-a-dozen of the twelve I originally dyed travelled with me for over three hun-

How Long Does a Dream Last? - The Globe says that this interesting question has recently been discussed in Germany, among others by Dr. F. Scholz, who has given some striking examples from his own experience and observation. It is not possible to give a definite answer; and probably enough dreams vary very much in point of duration, just as they vary in force and vividness. At one time the figures of a dream, whether they emerge from the horn or the ivory gate, are as real as in life; the sorrow is even more intense, the happiness more realistic. another time they seem to live only in a pale moonlight, and we watch the scenes rather than participate in them. It is very certain, however, that the majority of dreams are only of momentary duration, though extended occasionally to the length of a minute. In proof of this, Dr. Scholz tells the following story In proof from his experience: "After excessive bodily fatigue and a day of mental strain, of a not disagreeable kind, I betook myself to bed after I had wound up my watch and placed it on the night-table. Then I lay down beside a burning lamp. Soon I found myself on the high sea on board a well-known ship. I was again young, and stood on the lookout. I heard the roar of the water, and golden clouds floated round me. How long I so stood I did

not know, but it seemed a very long time. Then the scene changed. I was in the country, and my long-dead parents came to greet me; they took me to church, where the loud organ sounded. I was delighted, but at the same time wondered to see my wife and children there. The priest mounted the pulpit and preached, but I could not understand what he said for the sound of the organ, which continued to play. I took my son by the hand and with him ascended the church tower -but again the scene was changed. Instead of being near my son I stood near an early known but long dead officer - I ought to explain that I was an army surgeon during the manœuvres. I was wondering why the major should look so young, when quite close in my ears an unexpected cannon sounded. Terrified, I was hurrying off, when I woke up and noticed that the supposed cannon-shot had its cause in the opening of the bedroom door through some one entering. It was as if I had lived through an eternity in my dream, but when I looked at my watch I saw that since I had fallen asleep not more than one minute had elapsed—a much shorter time than it takes to relate the occurrence." Dr. Scholz has collected many other examples of a similar kind.





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